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Collier's

Household Number for April



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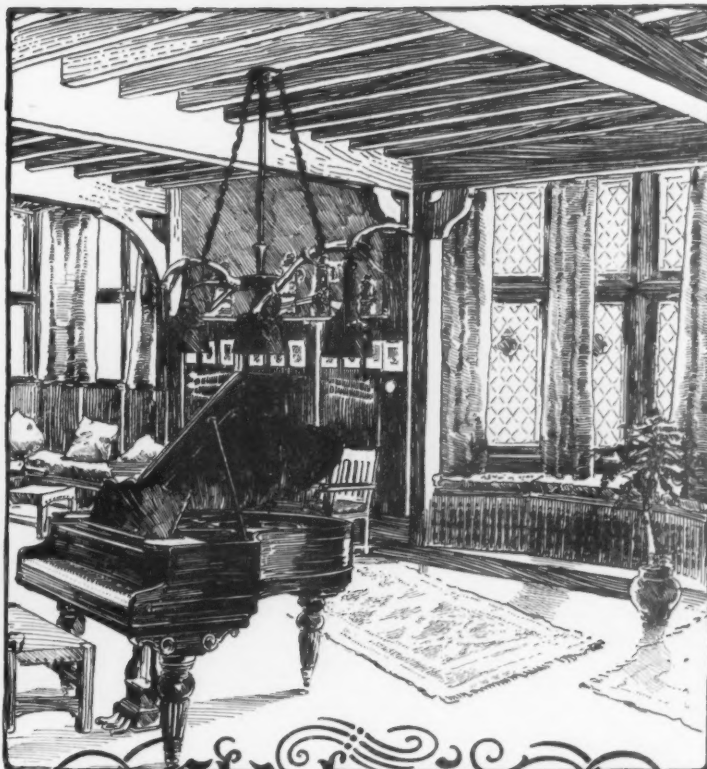
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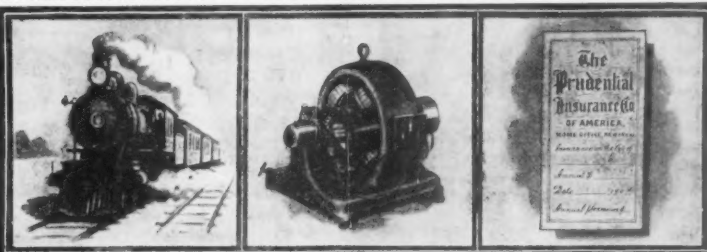
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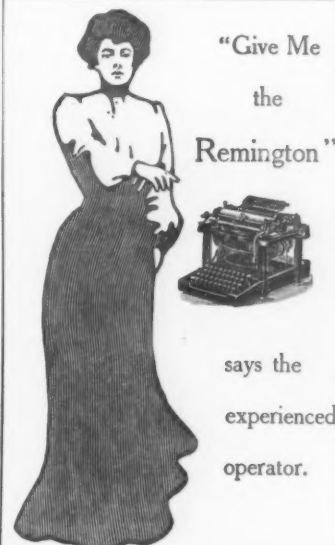
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COLLIER'S

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR APRIL

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This is the third of a series of drawings in color by Mr. Smedley which will appear in the Household Numbers under the title of "Pleasant Households," depicting incidents of American home life. The first, "The Bride's First Luncheon," was published in the Household Number for February; the second, "Interviewing the Cook," appeared in the Household Number for March.

THE NEWCOMER

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



THE NORTHERN SECURITIES DECISION means that the people of the United States must ultimately decide about where the line is to be drawn between the danger of concentrated business power and the danger of undue interference. There is nothing distressing in such a prospect. The people can be trusted to decide wisely in the end, or, if they do not, we need not waste sympathy upon them. It is a necessity always faced by the people of Great Britain. They have no written constitution to protect them. There is no limit to the power of Parliament. With the most powerful house changing whenever the people will, Parliament can make what laws it likes. From the accident that there were thirteen colonies in 1787, some of them loth to be merged in a greater whole, our system of checks on the popular will was invented. Hence the written Constitution, and hence the power of the courts to thwart Congress. The majority decision now means that if Congress wishes to limit combinations it may draw the line at which they shall cease to grow. The SHERMAN Law was a crude campaign device, which in itself deserves contempt. Congress had power to make that law, and has the power to change it. We think an enactment which should rightly interpret the people's will, would destroy the Northern Securities Company, but would make clearer the limit of interference. Under the SHERMAN Act a wild-cat President could agitate, perhaps successfully, against combinations which public opinion approves. That, however, is the fault, not of the Supreme Court, but of Congress. As the people are not going to elect a fire-eating demagogue, there is no danger that the awkward SHERMAN Act will have evil consequences. The satisfaction of business men was shown in the market's steadiness.

THE PEOPLE
MUST DECIDE

THREE DEMOCRATS AND ONE REPUBLICAN formed the minority, small comfort for the so-called Democrats who would turn the party into an aggregation of agitators for the sake of agitation. The decision was against the trusts, and every Democrat on the bench voted against the decision. The present Republican Administration put an end to the Northern Securities merger, and the three Democratic justices voted to allow the merger to continue. One of the fortuitous advantages of the decision is the body blow which it delivers, for this campaign, to the lawless minority and their yellow leaders. A decision in favor of the merger would have given the riotous trust-busters and class-prejudice-agitators something to howl about and spill red-ink headlines on. The actual decision, with its balanced arguments and close division, makes men think and leaves the public with a sense of quiet responsibility. Much was to be said legally on either side, and much is to be said politically, so long as we

CAMPAIGN
CONSEQUENCES

draw the lines with good old Anglo-Saxon reason, with no worked-up passions and cheap and fiery catch-words. Two far-reaching principles conflict, each valuable and each capable of growing into menace. Freedom of private enterprise is part of American faith, not to be abandoned for any paternal principle, but, on the other hand, we can not allow individuals so to use their property as to become essentially despotic. Experience has shown that combinations of capital may contain grave dangers to American ideals, and therefore must be watched. We are thankful that the Securities decision, earnestly debated as it was, happens not only to leave the responsibility for wise business judgment upon the people, but happens also to encourage a calm, satisfied, reflective mood, which is of happy augury in politics. The absence of hysteria, and the patient study of the right, which have been the corner-stones of liberty in the country from which our legal system is inherited, are, we believe, to remain with us, and guide us also along the line of careful discrimination and slow change, which is the history of good legislation and good law.

OF PLAYS ABOUT RUSSIA AND JAPAN, the two most conspicuous, at present, conform to our current ideas of the two countries. "The Darling of the Gods" is not a representation of Japanese life in any real sense, or of any life for that matter. A Japanese who saw it said it was as realistic as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would be with chop-sticks. Nevertheless, like "Madame Butterfly," and like that distinguished work of art, "The Mikado," it at least suggests some of the delicacy and grace of Japanese life. "Ivan the Terrible," on the other hand, like most plays dealing with Russia, is full of intrigue, cruelty, and superstition. The statesmen about the Czar are plotting against one another and playing tricks upon the people. The Czar, with much native good in him, is rendered by his absolute position, and consequent lack of wholesome discipline, cruel,

PLAYS AND
THE NEWS

contemptuous, "eaten by passions," as the author expresses it, "which he has never essayed or wished to bridle," and Count ALEXIS TOLSTOI wishes the audience to feel that "the Czar could not have been otherwise." The Russian play, written by a Russian noble, confirms what we get from greater literature—from that vast tragedy of the greater Tolstoi, for instance, "The Power of Darkness," as great a tragedy as many decades have given us. That darkness still hangs over Russia, to melt away or to be driven off by some sudden change.

IN "THE POWER OF DARKNESS" Count Leo Tolstoi shows a man led by lack of spiritual light into the most frightful crimes, and saved at the end by the power of grace. It is pure religion in which Tolstoi finds the solution for the conditions which he abhors, not in education, which he distrusts, seeing what it has done for the fashionable society in which he was born and used to live. Never in modern times has the doctrine of Jesus been more simply, absolutely, and feelingly accepted than in "My Confession," "My Religion," and the long series of essays and tales in which the great Russian has pleaded for a literal application of the truths preached twenty centuries earlier, in a different civilization, to the fishermen of Galilee. Some profound Russian teachers have believed Count Tolstoi less gifted as a religious prophet than as a portrayer of the present world. TURGENIEFF on his deathbed wrote a letter beseeching his friend to use again the talents which had given to Russia "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace." Doubtless, those works of genius will be read long after the tracts have been forgotten, but it may be, nevertheless, that in standing so absolutely for spirituality, Count Tolstoi is doing more to hasten the enlightenment of Russia and the enfranchisement of the Slavic nations than he could do by art. He may be a fanatic, but there are times and conditions when fanaticism is what a country needs. Truths in some circumstances gain efficiency by exaggeration, and spiritual genius is most apt to exaggerate those truths which are needed by the times. If America had as great a man as Tolstoi, and his nature were to become focused into a crusade, he would doubtless choose the power of money as the evil upon which to concentrate. An American "Power of Darkness" would not deal with illiterate peasants, as in Russia, but yet, if we had a Tolstoi, another kind of "Power of Darkness" might be written.

TOLSTOI'S
RELIGION

THE FIGHT IN MISSOURI is being waged bitterly and with that astuteness which professional politicians for revenue are too seldom lacking in. They are likely to be shrewd as individuals, besides being held together by "the cohesive power of public plunder." Missouri is no exception. The fight against Mr. FOLK is being carried on with concentrated intelligence. The machine Democrats are encouraging three other candidacies for the nomination, each with certain elements of strength. When the time for the convention arrives there will be some arrangement by which these three forces will be combined, either for one of the ostensible candidates or for some outsider. It makes little difference to the machine who the candidate is, so long as it is not FOLK; for if it is not FOLK it will be somebody who is subservient. The Circuit-Attorney is keeping up his fight bravely in spite of boss-chosen judges and technical reversals. Unfortunately, it is easy for the American public to weary of a moral principle if the struggle lasts too long. It is easy to begin to feel that Mr. FOLK is not the only virtuous or useful citizen of Missouri, which is true, but in this instance a truth which means the triumph of the faction which has brought Missouri to her present degradation, and will keep her there. A minority party, in such a situation, might be expected to show its usefulness by indorsing the candidate of the honest Democrats, and thus ensuring the machine's defeat, but no such act is hoped for from the Republican organization of Missouri, which would doubtless rather have a BUTLER man for Governor than such a ruthless nemesis as Mr. FOLK. The fight is not over and the Circuit-Attorney is not a man to falter in the face of difficulties, but the outlook is none too bright.

ANYTHING TO
BEAT FOLK

WILLIAM OF GERMANY has not kept the centre of the stage with his usual success of late, but we have been reminded of one of his least pleasant sides, in the course of the progress through the House of the bill which appropriates \$15,000 for "the absolutely necessary expenses of the War College." Erecting a pedestal for the statue of FREDERICK THE GREAT, inflicted upon us by the too meddlesome Emperor, is something which the people will hardly deem necessary, unless it be in a disagreeable sense.



THE KAISER BUTTING IN

The Kaiser is the great original Mr. Butt-In. A reported remark of the Empress ought to be true, although it presumably is not. Referring to the disgust with which the better class of artists in Germany receive WILLIAM's divinely inspired platitudes and moth-eaten conventionalities about art, the Empress indignantly wished to know what the painters were making all the fuss about. "Has not the Kaiser told them how to paint? Then why do they not do it?" The contrasts between FREDERICK and WILLIAM are not sharpest in artistic matters, but even in them the difference is considerable, and in favor of the friend and patron of VOLTAIRE. The American people inflict enough bad art upon themselves. It ought not to be inflicted upon them by royal egomaniacs whose powers in some lines are equaled by the absurdities which they have the privilege of imposing on others under the doctrine of divine right. It would show no unfriendliness to the German people if we were to make it clear to WILLIAM that he could keep his statue of FREDERICK in his own palace to gratify his own taste.

OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

THE DANGER TO NIAGARA is a topic demanding immediate attention from all who care whether or not the world-famous cataract becomes a barren rock. Unless there is sufficient opposition, contracts are to be granted and renewed, which will soon result in there being no water at all on the American side. As the American Falls have only a third of the water, they will be dry when the Canadian Falls still more or less exist. It is almost inconceivable that the American people should allow the destruction of something so highly valuable to them, and to their children after them, to satisfy the money-earning desires of a few private corporations. The State of New York is the responsible delinquent. It was slow to act in the case of the Hudson River Palisades, and it shows little tendency to take just and decisive action about Niagara. Congress, therefore, should be appealed to, as representative of the whole people. Niagara belongs no more to New York, in reality, than to California or South Carolina. It is a national object, belonging to all the people, and all the people should see that their interests are neither bartered nor given away. As a rule, the National Government has shown less lethargy toward these interests of history and beauty than the States have shown. Certainly, if the real feeling of the people throughout the country could be aroused, it would forbid the threatened destruction:

"Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; . . . God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise."

If poetic interest in Niagara strikes anybody as sentimental, let him reflect that, as the President of the Niagara Reservation Committee puts it, "the income derived from the enormous number of visitors by our railroads, hotels, and merchants in different parts of the State is vastly greater than the income that might be derived from a moderate tax on water privileges inimical to the integrity of the Falls."

IN DEFENCE OF YOUNG JOHN

AVARICE, SAYS THE HISTORIAN BANCROFT, is the vice of declining years. Mr. BANCROFT had much wisdom, but this particular generalization seems a little inexact. Generalizing about this quality has always been attended with the probability of mistake. One philosopher regards avarice as a universal passion, another as the consequence of luxury, a third as a weed which grows only in the poorest soil, but none, so far as we remember, explains it sympathetically. Yet it can be seen as natural psychologically, with a certain plausible similarity to economy and the useful life. Suppose a man worth, or soon to inherit, something like a billion dollars, should buy one jewel, costing \$40, instead of another, costing \$50, on the ground that they were the same size and set in equal weights of gold, and that to charge \$10 for a superiority of shape was encouraging fictitious values, which ought to be discouraged. Suppose he were even to remark that he could not afford too expensive paper in his bedroom. If such savings were made for the purpose of giving his money to those who needed it, this carefulness would amount to moral heroism and greatness of the spirit, but in our supposed case the motive is the mere instinct to save. Some people do no actual, tangible, human good in all their lives. They have no warmth of heart, no impulse toward generosity in exertion or in

gift. They give neither their money nor themselves. How small their lives be made to seem worth while to them? Sometimes they reach the goal by keeping certain rules, like the Scribes and Pharisees. They may be close and cruel, but they go to church on Sunday. Again, they treat accumulation as a system of worth, like any other routine morality or religious code. Every dollar that drops into the heap means one symbol more that the life has not been spent in vain. Are we to escape the horrible feeling this year that we are no further ahead than we were a year or two ago? Is it not a help to this end, and a real comfort, to know that we are worth fifteen million now, instead of only twelve? Be not too hard upon the savings of the very rich. How otherwise can they figure out that their lives have not been vain? N.B.—This article is intended to be ironical.

THE WAYS OF POLITICS are devious and underground. To the outer world a manipulator appears to be seeking a definite object when all he is doing is strengthening his tactical position. Mr. MURPHY, for instance, may make a great fuss over CLEVELAND, and set people guessing whether his real object is to beat PARKER, nominate MCCLELLAN for President or Governor, or make a deal with HEARST. As a matter of fact, his object is to remain at the head of Tammany Hall, keep restless rivals under foot, and do anything and everything which leads to his security and power. He cares no more for MCCLELLAN than for CLEVELAND, but he is genuinely afraid of SULLIVAN. So with Mr. DAVID BENNETT HILL. PARKER is nothing but a club to him. When he dreams, by day or night, it is of the PARKER boom killing off the other booms, then collapsing as insufficient, and leaving D. B. H. in the centre of the St. Louis stage, as actual nominee. To be PARKER's Secretary of State would be nothing better than a *pis aller*. To Mr. HEARST we apply the same reasoning. The money which he is spending in political manipulation is being spent with singular frankness for his own advancement, but in his newspaper and Congressional agitations he is like the ordinary boss or local politician in seeming to stand for definite objects merely to mask the fact that he is really seeking only his own power by any means that come to hand, whether "jolly" trades unions, employing political henchmen, or terrorizing editors by threatening them with slander or exposure. From such men as MURPHY, HILL, and HEARST we expect no higher springs of action. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. BRYAN, when he takes his final stand, will be found acting on some higher plane.

ANGER AND RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION are sometimes not easy to distinguish. Some of the rage which consumed the House of Representatives over the BRISTOW report, "conceived in sin and born in iniquity," was moral and disinterested, and some was the indignation which is natural to fairly respectable persons who have been shown to rank a little lower than the angels. Not all the regret was personal. Some of it was partisan. A Southern contemporary observes that it is unnecessary for a political party to reaffirm the Ten Commandments, the Declaration of Independence, Magna Charta, Vox Populi, or the Blue Black Speller. With that view we can not agree. A political platform by necessity points with pride to prosperity and reaffirms the Decalogue, if it is in power, and appeals to the conscience of mankind, if it is out of office. Therefore the postal revelations, although they ought to help the Republicans, who have caused the investigation, are very likely to be campaign material for the Democrats, in spite of the fact that no party question is involved. We observe that a Democratic member wishes "to rip the whole stomach of the Post-Office Department open," and that, on the other hand, the ripping thus far done seems to certain Republicans to prove the leaders in it to be knaves, liars, scoundrels, hyenas in human form, and distinguished specimens of asininity. The situation is clear enough to observers not passion-blinded. Individuals are guilty of much, the system is guilty of more. If a Congressman of personal character up to the usual citizen average is shown to have compliantly lent himself to the plundering efforts of constituents, because it was the custom and was expected, he is naturally indignant at being mentioned in the same document with the villain who got money for himself instead of strengthening his position by getting money for a constituent. Many of our customs are more honored in the breach than in the observance. When one of these evil customs is radically attacked it necessarily means trouble for all the individuals who have been practicing it. The public will be strongly behind the President, and if he loses favor with various politicians he can get along without it.

HONORED IN THE BREACH



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PORTRAIT OF A LATTER-DAY SAINT

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Mrs. Juliana Lamson Smith
Wife No. 2



Mrs. Edna Lamson Smith
Wife No. 3



Mrs. Sarah Richards Smith
Wife No. 4



Mrs. Alice Kimball Smith
Wife No. 5



Mrs. Mary Schwartz Smith
Wife No. 6

THE FIVE LIVING WIVES OF JOSEPH F. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH

Mrs. Lavinia A. Smith, the first woman married to President Smith, was his cousin, with whom he fell in love when a boy. She refused to consent to additional wives, and when he persisted in marrying the Lamson sisters, she obtained a divorce in California. President Smith calls Mrs. Juliana Lamson Smith his "legal wife," and refers to her home as his "official residence." She and her sister Edna were "united" to him on the same day. Mrs. Juliana Smith has borne him eleven children. Mrs. Sarah R. Smith was the fourth wife taken by the President. She is the daughter of Mormon parents. Two children have been born to her since polygamy was forbidden by Church and State in 1890. Mrs. Alice Kimball Smith was a widow, and is fifth in the Smith matrimonial succession. She said recently, "I am a plural wife, and I am proud of it." Mrs. Mary Schwartz Smith, who is said to be the favorite wife at the present time, is a niece of Apostle John W. Taylor, and lives, with her mother and five children, in the cottiest of the Smith collection of homes.

THE GREAT MORMON CONSPIRACY

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

MORMONISM is now brought face to face with Americanism at the bar of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. Nominally, the issue is whether Apostle Reed Smoot shall take his seat in the United States Senate. The real issue is whether a Mormon can indiscriminately break the law; whether the Mormon Church, after having pledged itself to keep out of politics, can continually interfere in the election of the people's representatives; whether polygamy is to continue to exist in defiance of American opinion and American laws. That the Mormon hierarchy intends, as has been indicated in the astounding testimony of President Joseph F. Smith, to do all these things—that it is, in fact, in practical conspiracy against the United States Government—there is not the shadow of a doubt.

In Washington, and earnestly watching the proceedings of the Senate Committee, are many men from Utah. Some of these are Mormons, some are Gentiles, and all confess a burning interest in what is going forward. They know that Mormonism, not Smoot, is at bay, and the Mormons among them fear, and the Gentiles hope, the worst as a probable outcome.

Among these folk of Utah I went foraging for Mormon facts. Those who talked, did so upon a promise to conceal their names, and I can merely state the substance of what they said. These, then, are the purposes and plans of Mormonism as my informants laid them bare.

As a first proposal it was explained that in no sort had the Church abandoned polygamy as either a tenet or a practice. Indeed, as stated, the present conspiracy aims at no more than just to produce conditions in Utah under which polygamy may flourish safe from the axe of the law. In the old day, when Brigham Young was King, the Mormons were safe with sundry thousands of desert miles between the law and them. Then they feared nothing save strife within the Church. This last Brigham Young would put down with the Danites. He invented his destroying angels, placed himself at their head, and when a man rebelled he had him murdered. If one fled the fold, he was pursued and slain.

Mormonism is not, when a first fanaticism has subsided, a religion that would address the popular taste. It is a religion of gloom, of bitterness, of fear, of iron hand to punish the recalcitrant. It demands slavish submission on the part of every man. It insists upon abjection, self-effacement, a surrender of individuality on the part of every woman. The man is to work and obey; the woman is to submit and bear children; all are to be for the Church, of the Church, by the Church, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, knowing nothing beyond the will of the President of the Church.

The price of Mormonism is a tithe of the member's income—the Church takes a tenth. The member may pay in money or in kind; he may sell and pay his tenth in dollars, or he may bring to the tithing yard his butter or eggs or hay or wheat, or whatever he shall raise as the harvest of his labors.

When outsiders invaded their regions, by command of Brigham Young the Mormons struck them down as in the Mountain Meadow murders. This, I say, was in the old day when the arm of national power was too short to reach them. Now, when it can reach them, the Church conspires where before it assassinated, and strives to do by chicane what it aforetime did by shedding blood. And all to defend itself in the practice of polygamy!

One would ask why the Mormons set such extravagant store by this doctrine of many wives. This is the reason: It serves to mark the church members and separate and set them apart from Gentile influences. As stated, Mormonism is not a faith to engage the popular fancy. It is precisely the sort of religion that children born unto it would renounce and converts, when their heat has cooled, abandon. The women would leave it on grounds of jealousy and sentiment; the men would quit in a spirit of independence, a want of superstitious belief in the prophet's "revelations," and a dislike of those onerous tithes. Polygamy prevents this. It shuts the door of Gentile sympathy against the Mormon. The Mormon women who have practiced polygamy are disgraced beings among the Gentiles. They must defend their good repute. The children of polygamous marriages must

defend polygamy to defend their own legitimacy. The practice, which doubtless had its beginning solely to produce as rapidly as might be a Church strength, now acts as a bar to the member's escape; wherefore the president, his two counselors, the twelve apostles, and others at the head of Mormon affairs—being the ruling and therefore the convertible classes—insist upon it as a best if not an only Church protection. Without polygamy—that is to say, under such conditions of social repute that a Mormon might leave his or her Church and become a Gentile with no more loss of standing in the community than results to one who leaves the Congregational Church to unite with the Methodists—the Mormon membership would instantly dwindle away until Mormonism as a sect or faith utterly died out. The Mormon heads think so, and preserve polygamy as a means of preserving the Church.

When the Edmunds Law was enforced, and punishment and confiscation and exile became the order, the most dull wit among Mormons knew that the day of terror and bloodshed as a system of church defence was

to the heavenly shore, missing which they would surely be swept away. Meanwhile, and in secret, those same heads of the Church—Smith, the present president; Cluff, the head of the Mormon College; Tanner, chief of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, as well as others—took unto themselves plural wives by way of setting example and to keep the practical fires of polygamy alive.

Of course, these criminals ran risks, and took what President Smith in his recent testimony, when telling of his own quintet of helpmeets, called "the chances of the law." To lower these risks, and diminish them to a point where in truth they should be no risks at all, the Mormon Church, under the lead of its bigamous President, became a political machine. It looked over the future, considered its own black needs as a criminal, and saw that its first step toward security should be the making of Utah into a State. As a Territory, the hand of the Federal power rested heavily upon it; the Edmunds Law could be enforced whenever there dwelt a will in Washington so to do. Once a State, Utah would slip from beneath the shadow of that iron statute. The Mormons would, at the worst, face nothing more vigorous than the State's own laws against bigamy, enforced by judges and prosecutors, and juries and sheriffs of their own selection, and with jails whereof they themselves would weld the bars and hew the stones and forge the keys.

I asked a gray judge—at least the men about him in the office of Willard's Hotel called him judge—why there came none among the Gentiles in Salt Lake or in all Utah to enforce the State laws against polygamy.

"For one matter," said the gray judge, "they grow callous to it. They see it about them until their eyes turn careless of the spectacle. It ceases to shock; the moral nature does not arouse in revolt. Besides, it would shake the community to the centre and injure business. In Utah, Mormon deals with Gentile and Gentile with Mormon, and both sides like those dollars which accrue from their barter and their trade. Begin a series of prosecutions against the Mormons, and the trade-profits in Utah would fall away fifty per cent. So the Gentile winks and blinks, and lets polygamy go unchallenged. Most men are commercial before they are moral, and the Gentiles of Utah are not exceptions to the rule. They are quite as apt as any to accept the convenient and the profitable, and will be the last to provoke that money loss which a crusade against polygamy would bring about. The Mormon, while he can no longer murder an obnoxious Gentile, can boycott him; and that, mind you, to some is almost as bad."

That Mormon conspiracy, whereof Reed Smoot in the Senate is only one expression, was not made yesterday. It had its birth in the year of the Edmunds Law and its drastic enforcement. In that day, black for Mormons, it was resolved to secure such foothold—such representation in the Congress at Washington—that, holding a balance of power in the Senate or the House, or both, the Congressional Democrats or Republicans would grant the Mormons safety for their pet tenet of polygamy as the price of Mormon support.

The Mormons in carrying out these plans decided upon an invasion, and, if possible, the political conquest, of other States. They already owned Utah; they would bring—politically—beneath their thumb as many more as they might. With this thought they have planted colonies in Nevada, in Colorado, in Idaho, in Wyoming, in Montana, in Oregon, in Arizona. As a refuge for polygamists; should the unexpected happen and a storm of law befall, they have also planted colonies over the Mexico line in Chihuahua and Sonora.

The Mormons went to Mexico. There they are today in many a rich community, as freely polygamous as in the most wide-flung hour of Brigham Young. Diaz smiles as he reviews those prodigal crops of corn and cattle and children which they raise. They make his empire richer in men and money, commodities of which Mexico has sorely felt the want. Once when a modest Methodist clergyman went to Diaz and remonstrated against that polygamy which he permitted, and spoke of immoralities, Diaz snapped his fingers:

"Do you see their children?" cried Diaz. "Well, I think more of their children than of your arguments."



JOSEPH F. SMITH
President of the Mormon Church

Number of wives married to Joseph Smith since 1865	6
Number of children born to him in 38 years	42
Number of children born since plural marriage was prohibited in 1890	13
Children of Juliana Lamson Smith	2
Children of Sarah Richards Smith	2
Children of Edna Lamson Smith	2
Children of Alice Kimball Smith	3
Children of Mary Schwartz Smith	4
Estimated income available for supporting five establishments	\$75,000
Corporations, banks, and factories of which Joseph Smith is a director	20
Only Mormon Apostle who surpasses the record of President Smith is M. W. Merrill, with 8 wives, 45 children, and 150 grandchildren.	

over with and done. Then the Mormons made mendacity take the place of murder, and went about to do by indirection what before they had approached direct. Prophet Woodruff was conveniently given a "revelation" to the effect that polygamy might be abandoned. There should be no more bigamous marriages, said the Mormon heads.

They none the less kept the Mormon mind in leash for its revival. The men were still taught subjection; the women were still told that wifehood and motherhood were their two great stepping-stones in crossing



Home of Mrs. Juliana Lamson Smith, at 333 West First North Street



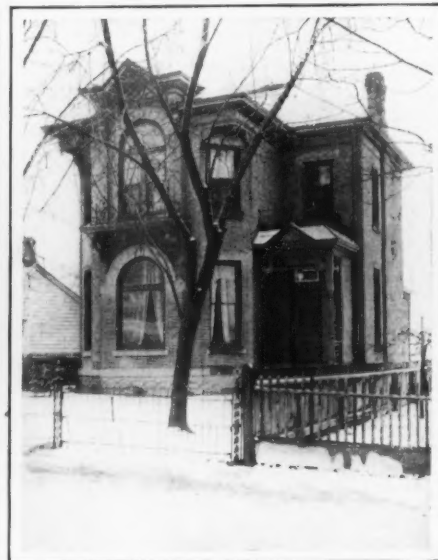
Home of Mrs. Alice Kimball Smith, at 127 North Second West Street



Home of Mrs. Edna Lamson Smith, at 143 N. Second West St.



Home of Mrs. Sarah R. Smith, at 157 North Second West Street



Home of Mrs. Mary Schwartz Smith, at 56 E. N. Temple Street

RESIDENCES OF THE FIVE WIVES OF JOSEPH F. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH, IN SALT LAKE CITY

From this Mexico nursery the Mormon President can, when he will, order an emigration into Nevada or any of those other States I have mentioned, to support the Church where it is weakest. The Mormon Church will play the game of the cattle ranches, which breed calves in Texas to drive them north—as yearlings and two-year olds, and raise them upon the stronger, better pasturages of Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado. Moreover, the settlements in Mexico offer a haven of retreat should any tempest of prosecution beat upon the Utah polygamists, through some slip of policy or accidental Gentile strength.

In Nevada, in Colorado, in Oregon, in Idaho, in every one of those States wherein the Church has planted the standards of Mormonism, the Mormon as fast as he may is making himself a power in politics. He is never a Democrat, never a Republican, always a Mormon. What sparks of independent political action broke into a brief but fiery life, a few years ago, were fairly beaten out when Thatcher and Roberts were punished for daring to act outside the Mormon command. Now, pretend what they will, assert what lie they choose, every man of half-wisdom in Utah is aware that the Mormon President holds the Mormon vote, in whatever State it abides, in the hollow of his hand. He can and will place it to this or that party's support, according as he makes his bargain. He will use it to elect Legislators and Congressmen in those States. He will employ it to select the Senators whom those States send to Washington. And when they are there, as Reed Smoot is there, for the safeguarding of polygamy and what other crimes Mormonism may find it convenient to commit from time to time, those Senators and those Representatives will act by the Mormon President's orders. "When the lion's hide is too short," said the Greek, "I piece it out with foxes." And the Mormons, in this day of their weakness, when the Danites have gone with that Brigham Young who called them into bloody being, and murder as a churchly argument is no longer safe, are profiting by the Grecian's wisdom.

It would be a cumbering of this page to tell the hideous villainies of polygamy. A system that marries two sisters on the same day to the same man by the one ceremony of marriage—as has been often the favorite case with our Mormons, notably with George, brother of Moses Thatcher, who at a single wedding took twin sisters to wife—is sufficiently black when merely stated to cause a shudder in the breast of any who owns a nature above that of the beasts that perish. But the darkest side of Mormonism is seen when one considers the stamp of moral and mental degradation it sets upon those men and women who comprise what one might term the peasantry of the Church. Woman is, as the effect of Mormonism, peculiarly made to retrograde. Instead of being uplifted, she is beaten down. She must not think, she must not feel, she must not know, she must not love. Her only safety lies in being blind and deaf and dull and senseless to every

better sentiment of womanhood. She is to divide a husband with one or two or three or even ten; she is not to be a wife, but only the fraction of a wife—often a neglected fraction. The moment she looks upon herself as anything other than a bearer of children she is lost. Should she rebel—and in her ignorance and helplessness she does not know how to enter upon a practical revolt—she becomes an outcast; a creature of no shelter, no food, no friend, no home.

At the hearing before the Senate Committee, President Smith, stroking his long white beard in a patriarchal manner, makes no secret of his five wives, and seems to court the Gentile condemnation. My informants of Salt Lake explained this hardihood as being of deliberate plan on the part of President Smith. He is courting what he would call "persecution." He does not fear actual prosecution in the Utah courts. As to the Federal forums, those tribunals are powerless against him for polygamy, now that Utah is a State.

Being, so to speak, safe in the flesh, President Smith would like to bring upon himself and Mormonism the whole fury of the press. It would serve to quiet schism and bicker within the Mormon Church. An opposition or a persecution would act as a pressure to bring the Mormons together. That pressure would squeeze out the last ounce of a political independence among the Mormons, which, to the extent that it existed, would interfere with his disposal of the compacted Mormon vote. In short, an attack upon himself and upon Mormonism by the Gentiles, would tighten the hold of President Smith, close-herd the Mormons, and leave them ready to be driven politically hither and yon as seemed most profitable for Church purposes.

Gray, wise, crafty, sly, soft, one who carries mendacity to the heights of art, President Smith gives in all he says and does and looks the color of truth to this explanation of his frankness. He would not prodigiously care if Smoot were cast into outer Senate darkness. It would not be an evil past a remedy. He could send Smoot back; and send him back again. Meanwhile, he might lift up the cry of the Church persecuted, and that of itself would stiffen the Mormon line of battle and multiply recruits.

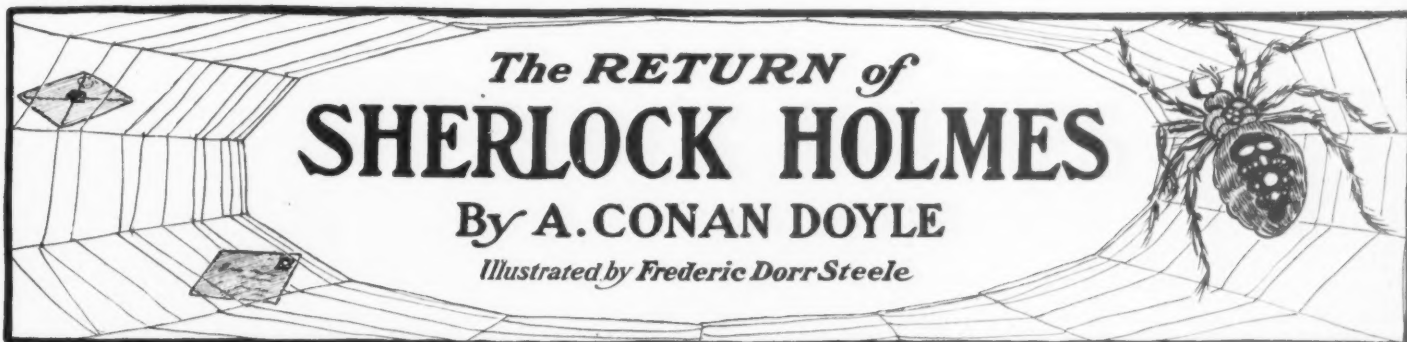
President Smith looks forward to a time when one Senate vote will be important. He can not prophesy the exact day, but by the light of what has been he knows that it must come. Ten years ago the Democrats took the Senate from the Republicans by one vote—Senator Peffer's. In Garfield's day, the Senate, before Conkling stepped down and out, was in even balance with a tie. What was, will be; and President Smith intends when that moment arrives, and the Senate is in poise between the parties, to have at least two Utah votes, and as many more as he may from other States, to be a stock in trade wherewith to traffic security for his Church of Mormon and its polygamy.

Utah has about two hundred thousand and Salt Lake

City sixty thousand souls. The whole power of the Mormon Church numbers no more than three hundred thousand, with a probable voting strength of seventy thousand. No vast force, you will say, in the politics of a nation which counts a population of wellnigh eighty millions and votes a dozen of them. And yet you forget what distribution may accomplish. In 1896, twenty-five thousand votes sprinkled about in cunning places would have altered the result and sent the Nebraska to the White House. Even as it stands, one hears something more in Washington than an intimation that not Smoot alone but two others of the Senate are docile to the Mormon touch in the name of their own political safety. Given a balance of power in the Senate—and it might easily come within his hands—President Smith could enforce such liberal terms for Mormonism as would privilege it in its sins and prevent every chance of punishment.

A large class of Gentile politicians alternately denounce Church influence as pernicious and damnable when it is against them, and deny there is such a thing when it happens to be on their side. The Church controls a certain vote. Its leaders bartered this vote in 1900, if the party in power would protest against a Constitutional amendment aimed at polygamy and other hostile legislation. Two men in the United States Senate to-day, aside from Reed Smoot, would never have been elected if they had not made terms with the Mormon leaders, promising certain compensation for Church support. One former member of Congress was loud not long ago in proclaiming against the Church in politics. He has further ambitions. After a talk with certain Mormons of prominence he began advocating the seating of Smoot and defending the course of the Church. Some of the men who are pushing the fight against Smoot with the greatest bitterness threatened they would do so if not made certain political promises by the Church leaders. Failing to get the pledges, they are carrying out their threats. As long as politicians make a market for the Mormon vote at the polls and in legislative bodies, just so long will the leaders try to stay in politics. In Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming the Mormons hold the balance of power in close elections. Should the margin be narrow, they could swing Colorado. This means nine, and possibly more, electoral votes. It is well to bear this and the approaching Presidential election in mind in watching the course of the political parties toward Smoot. Conservative men outside the Church, who have given the so-called Mormon problem a great deal of thought, agree in general on the proper policy. Most of them believe in the rejection of Smoot to diminish the hope of political reward for Church leaders as such, the passage of a Constitutional amendment to take the prosecutions for polygamy out of local influence and place them in the Federal courts, and the stoppage of persecution of the Mormon people on purely religious grounds. This done, the people of Utah can work out the rest.

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THE ADVENTURE OF CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON

This is the seventh story of the new Sherlock Holmes series, which began in October. The preceding Adventures were those of *The Empty House*, *The Norwood Builder*, *The Dancing Men*, *The Solitary Cyclist*, *The Priory School*, and of *Black Peter*. The next story, "*The Adventure of the Six Napoleons*," will be published in the Household Number for May, dated April 30. There will be twelve stories in the series.

IT IS years since the incidents of which I speak took place and yet it is with diffidence that I allude to them. For a long time, even with the utmost discretion and reticence, it would have been impossible to make the facts public; but now the principal person concerned is beyond the reach of human law, and with due suppression the story may be told in such fashion as to injure no one. It records an absolutely unique experience in the career both of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and of myself. The reader will excuse me if I conceal the date or any other fact by which he might trace the actual occurrence. We had been out for one of our

evening rambles, Holmes and I, and had returned about six o'clock on a cold, frosty winter's evening. As Holmes turned up the lamp the light fell upon a card on the table. He glanced at it, and then, with an ejaculation of disgust, threw it on the floor. I picked it up and read: *Charles Augustus Milverton, Apple-dore Towers, Hampstead. Agent.*

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The worst man in London," Holmes answered, as he sat down and stretched his legs before the fire. "Is anything on the back of the card?"

I turned it over. "Will call at 6.30. C. A. M.," I read.

"Hum! He's about due. Do you feel a creeping, shrinking sensation, Watson, when you stand before the serpents in the Zoo, and see the slithering, gliding, venomous creatures with their deadly eyes and wicked, flattened faces? Well, that's how Milverton impresses me. I've had to do with fifty murderers in my career, but the worst of them never gave me the repulsion which I have for this fellow. And yet I can't get out of doing business with him—indeed, he is here at my invitation."

"But who is he?"

"I'll tell you, Watson. He is the king of all the blackmailers. God help the man, and still more the woman, whose secret and reputation come into the power of Milverton. With a smiling face and a heart of marble he will squeeze and squeeze until he has drained them dry. The fellow is a genius in his way, and would have made his mark in some more savory trade. His method is as follows: He allows it to be known that he is prepared to pay very high sums for letters which compromise people of wealth or position. He receives these wares not only from treacherous valets or maids, but frequently from genteel ruffians who have gained the confidence and affection of trusting women. He deals with no niggard hand. I happen to know that he paid seven hundred pounds to a footman for a note two lines in length, and that the ruin of a noble family was the result. Everything which is in the market goes to Milverton, and there are hundreds in this great city who turn white at his name. No one knows where his grip may fall, for he is far too rich and far too cunning to work from hand to mouth. He will hold a card back for years in order to play it at the moment when the stake is best worth winning. I have said that he is the worst man in London, and I would ask you how could one compare the ruffian who in hot blood bludgeons his mate with this man who methodically and at his leisure tortures the soul and wrings the nerves in order to add to his already swollen money-bags?"

I had seldom heard my friend speak with such intensity of feeling.

"But surely," said I, "the fellow must be within the grasp of the law?"

"Technically, no doubt, but practically not. What would it profit a woman, for example, to get him a few months' imprisonment if her own ruin must immediately follow? His victims dare not hit back. If ever he blackmailed an innocent person, then indeed we should have him; but he is as cunning as the devil. No, no, we must find other ways to fight him."

"And why is he here?"

"Because an illustrious client has placed her piteous case in my hands. It is the Lady Eva Brackwell, the most beautiful debutante of last season. She is to be married in a fortnight to the Earl of Dovercourt. This fiend has several imprudent letters—imprudent, Watson, nothing worse—which were written to an impetuous young squire in the country. They would suffice to break off the match. Milverton will send the letters to the Earl unless a large sum of money is paid him. I have been commissioned to meet him, and to make the best terms I can."

At that instant there was a clatter and a rattle in the street below. Looking down, I saw a stately carriage and pair, the brilliant lamps gleaming on the glossy haunches of the noble chestnuts. A footman opened the door, and a small, stout man in a shaggy astrakhan overcoat descended. A minute later he was in the room.

Charles Augustus Milverton was a man of fifty, with a large intellectual head, a round, plump, hairless face, a perpetual frozen smile, and two keen gray eyes which gleamed brightly from behind broad golden-rimmed glasses. There was something of Mr. Pickwick's benevolence in his appearance, marred only by the insincerity of the fixed smile, and by the hard glitter of those restless and penetrating eyes. His voice was as smooth and suave as his countenance, as he advanced with a little plump hand extended, murmuring his regret for having missed us at his first visit. Holmes disregarded the outstretched hand, and looked at him with a face of granite. Milverton's smile broadened; he shrugged his shoulders, removed his overcoat, folded it with great deliberation over the back of a chair, and then took a seat.

"This gentleman?" said he, with a wave in my direction. "Is it discreet? Is it right?"

"Dr. Watson is my friend and partner."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes. It is only in your client's interests that I protested. The matter is so very delicate—"

"Dr. Watson has already heard of it."

"Then we can proceed to business. You say that you are acting for Lady Eva. Has she empowered you to accept my terms?"

"What are your terms?"

"Seven thousand pounds."

"And the alternative?"

"My dear sir, it is painful to me to discuss it; but if the money is not paid on the 14th there will certainly be no marriage on the 18th." His insufferable smile was more complacent than ever.

Holmes thought for a little. "You appear to me,"

he said, at last, "to be taking matters too much for granted."

I am, of course, familiar with the contents of these letters. My client will certainly do what I may advise. I shall counsel her to tell her future husband the whole story, and to trust to his generosity."

Milverton chuckled.

"You evidently do not know the Earl," said he.

From the baffled look upon Holmes's face I could clearly see that he did.

"What harm is there in the letters?" he asked.

"They are sprightly—very sprightly," Milverton answered.

"The lady was a charming correspondent. But I can assure you that the Earl of Dovercourt would fail to appreciate them. However, since you think otherwise, we will let it rest at that. It is purely a matter of business. If you think that it is in the best interests of your client that these letters should be placed in the hands of the Earl, then you would indeed be foolish to pay so large a sum of money to regain them." He rose, and seized his astrakhan coat.

Holmes was gray with anger and mortification.

"Wait a little," he said. "You go too fast. We would certainly make every effort to avoid scandal in so delicate a matter."

Milverton relapsed into his chair.

"I was sure that you would see it in that light," he purred.

"At the same time," Holmes continued, "Lady Eva is not a wealthy woman. I assure you that two thousand pounds would be a drain upon her resources, and that the sum you name is utterly beyond her power. I beg, therefore, that you will mod-

erate your demands and that you will return the letters at the price I indicate, which is, I assure you, the highest that you can get."

Milverton's smile broadened and his eyes twinkled humorously.

"I am aware that what you say is true about the lady's resources," said he. "At the same time you must admit that the occasion of a lady's marriage is a very suitable time for her friends and relatives to make some little effort upon her behalf. They may hesitate as to an acceptable wedding present. Let me assure them that this little bundle of letters would give more joy than all the candelabra and butter dishes in London."

"It is impossible," said Holmes.

"Dear me, dear me, how unfortunate!" cried Milverton, taking out a bulky pocketbook. "I can not help thinking that ladies are ill advised in not making an effort. Look at this!" He held up a little note with a coat-of-arms upon the envelope. "That belongs to—well, perhaps it is hardly fair to tell the name until to-morrow morning. But at that time it will be in the hands of the lady's husband. And all because she will not find a beggarly sum which she could get in an hour by turning her diamonds into paste. It is such a pity. Now you remember the sudden end of the engagement between the Honorable Miss Miles and Colonel Dorking? Only two days before the wedding there was a paragraph in the 'Morning Post' to say that it was all off. And why? It is almost incredible, but the absurd sum of twelve hundred pounds would have settled the whole question. Is it not pitiful? And here, I find you, a man of sense, boggling about terms when your client's future and honor are at stake. You surprise me, Mr. Holmes."

"What I say is true," Holmes answered. "The money can not be found. Surely it is better for you to take the substantial sum which I offer than to ruin this woman's career, which can profit you in no way?"

"There you make a mistake, Mr. Holmes. An exposure would profit me indirectly to a considerable extent. I have eight or ten similar cases maturing. If it was circulated among them that I had made a severe example of the Lady Eva I should find all of them much more open to reason. You see my point?"

Holmes sprang from his chair. "Get behind him, Watson! Don't let him out! Now, sir, let us see the contents of that notebook."

Milverton had glided as quick as a rat to the side of the room, and stood with his back against the wall.

"Mr. Holmes, Mr. Holmes," he said, turning the front of his coat and exhibiting the butt of a large revolver which projected from the inside pocket. "I have been expecting you to do something original. This has been done so often, and what good has ever come from it? I assure you that I am armed to the teeth, and I am perfectly prepared to use my weapons, knowing that the law will support me. Besides, your supposition that I would bring the letters here in a notebook is entirely mistaken. I would do nothing so foolish. And now, gentlemen, I have one or two little interviews this evening, and it is a long drive to Hampstead." He stepped forward, took up his coat, laid his hand on his revolver, and turned to the door. I picked up a chair, but Holmes shook his head, and I laid it down again. With a bow, a smile and a twinkle, Milverton was out of the room, and a few moments after we heard the slam of the carriage door and the rattle of the wheels as he drove away.

Holmes sat motionless by the fire, his hands buried deep in his trousers pockets, his chin sunk



THERE WAS SOMETHING OF MR. PICKWICK'S BENEVOLENCE IN HIS LOOKS

upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon the glowing embers. For half an hour he was silent and still. Then, with the gesture of a man who has taken his decision, he sprang to his feet and passed into his bedroom. A little later a rakish young workman with a goatee beard and a swagger lighted his clay pipe at the lamp before descending into the street. "I'll be back some time, Watson," said he, and vanished into the night. I understood that he had opened his campaign against Charles Augustus Milverton; but I little dreamed the strange shape which that campaign was destined to take.

For some days Holmes came and went at all hours in this attire, but beyond a remark that his time was spent at Hampstead, and that it was not wasted, I knew nothing of what he was doing. At last, however, on a wild, tempestuous evening, when the wind screamed and rattled against the windows, he returned from his last expedition, and having removed his disguise he sat before the fire and laughed heartily in his silent inward fashion.

"You would not call me a marrying man, Watson?"

"No, indeed?"

"You'll be interested to hear that I am engaged."

"My dear fellow! I congratulate—"

"To Milverton's housemaid."

"Good heavens, Holmes!"

"I wanted information, Watson."

"Surely you have gone too far."

"It was a most necessary step. I am a plumber with a rising business, Escott by name. I have walked out with her each evening, and I have talked with her. Good heavens, those talks! However, I have got all I wanted. I know Milverton's house as I know the palm of my hand."

"But the girl, Holmes?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't help it, my dear Watson. You must play your cards as best you can when such a stake is on the table. However, I rejoice to say that I have a hated rival who will certainly cut me out the instant that my back is turned. What a splendid night it is!"

"You like this weather?"

"It suits my purpose. Watson, I mean to burgle Milverton's house to-night."

I had a catching of the breath, and my skin went cold at the words, which were slowly uttered in a tone of concentrated resolution. As a flash of lightning in the night shows up in an instant every detail of a wide landscape, so at one glance I seemed to see every possible result of such an action—the detection, the capture, the honored career ending in irreparable failure and disgrace, my friend laying himself at the mercy of the odious Milverton.

"For God's sake, Holmes, think what you are doing!" I cried.

"My dear fellow, I have given it every consideration. I am never precipitate in my actions, nor would I adopt so energetic, and indeed so dangerous, a course if any other were possible. Let us look at the matter clearly and fairly. I suppose that you will admit that the action is morally justifiable, though technically criminal. To burgle his house is no more than to forcibly take his pocket-book—an action in which you were prepared to aid me."

I turned it over in my mind.

"Yes," I said, "it is morally justifiable so long as our object is to take no articles save those which are used for an illegal purpose."

"Exactly. Since it is morally justifiable, I have only to consider the question of personal risk. Surely a gentleman should not lay much stress upon this when a lady is in most desperate need of his help."

"You will be in such a false position."

"Well, that is part of the risk. There is no other possible way of regaining these letters. The unfortunate lady has not the money, and there are none of her people in whom she could confide. To-morrow is the last day of grace, and unless we can get the letters to-night, this villain will be as good as his word and will bring about her ruin. I must, therefore, abandon my client to her fate, or I must play this last card. Between ourselves, Watson, it's a sporting duel between this fellow Milverton and me. He had, as you saw, the best of the first exchanges, but my self-respect and my reputation are concerned to fight it to a finish."

"Well, I don't like it, but I suppose it must be," said I.

"When do we start?"

"You are not coming."

"Then you are not going," said I. "I give you my word of honor—and I never broke it in my life—that I will take a cab straight to the police station and give you away, unless you let me share this adventure with you."

"You can't help me."

"How do you know that? You can't tell what may happen. Anyway, my resolution is taken. Other people have self-respect and even reputations besides you."

Holmes had looked annoyed, but his brow cleared, and he clapped me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, my dear fellow, be it so. We have shared the same room for some years, and it would be amusing if we ended by sharing the same cell. You

know, Watson, I don't mind confessing to you that I have always had an idea that I would have made a highly efficient criminal. This is the chance of my lifetime in that direction. See here!" He took a neat little leather case out of a drawer, and, opening it, he exhibited a number of shining instruments. "This is a first-class up-to-date burgling kit, with nickel-plated jimmy, diamond-tipped glass-cutter, adaptable keys, and every modern improvement which the march of civilization demands. Here, too, is my dark-lantern. Everything is in order. Have you a pair of silent shoes?"

"I have rubber-soled tennis shoes."

"Excellent. And a mask?"

"I can make a couple out of black silk."

"I can see that you have a strong natural turn for this sort of thing. Very good, do you make the masks. We shall have some cold supper before we start. It is now nine-thirty. At eleven we shall drive as far as Church Row. It is a quarter of an hour's walk from there to Appledore Towers. We shall be at work before midnight. Milverton is a heavy sleeper, and retires punctually at ten-thirty. With any luck we should be back here by two with the Lady Eva's letters in my pocket."

Holmes and I put on our dress clothes, so that we might appear to be two theatre-goers homeward bound. In Oxford Street we picked up a hansom and drove to an address in Hampstead. Here we paid off our cab, and, with our great-coats buttoned up, for it was bitterly cold and the wind seemed to blow through us, we walked along the edge of the Heath.

"It's a business that needs delicate treatment," said Holmes. "These documents are contained in a safe in the fellow's study, and the study is the anteroom of his bedroom. On the other hand, like all these stout little men, who do themselves well, he is a plethoric sleeper. Agatha—that's my fiancée—says it is a joke in the servants' hall that it's impossible to wake the master. He has a secretary who is devoted to his interests, and never budges from the study all day. That's why we are going at night. Then he has a beast of a dog who roams the garden. I met Agatha late the last two evenings, and she locks the brute up so as to give me a clear run. This is the house, this big one in its own grounds. Through the gate—now to the right among the laurels. We might put on our masks here, I think. You see there is not a glimmer

of light in any of the windows, and everything is working splendidly."

With our black silk face-coverings which turned us into two of the most truculent figures in London, we stole up to the silent, gloomy house. A sort of tiled veranda extended along one side of it, lined by several windows and two doors. "That's his bedroom," Holmes whispered. "This door opens straight into the study. It would suit us best, but it is bolted as well as locked, and we should make too much noise getting in. Come round here! There's a greenhouse which opens into the drawing-room."

The place was locked, but Holmes removed a circle of glass, and turned the key from the inside. An instant afterward he had closed the door behind us, and we had become felons in the eyes of the law. The thick warm air of the conservatory, and the rich, choking fragrance of exotic plants, took us by the throat. He seized my hand in the darkness and led me swiftly past banks of shrubs which brushed against our faces. Holmes had remarkable powers, carefully cultivated, of seeing in the dark. Still holding my hand in one of his, he opened a door, and I was vaguely conscious that we had entered a large room in which a cigar had been smoked not long before. He felt his way among the furniture, opened another door, and closed it behind us. Putting out my hand, I felt several coats hanging from the wall, and I understood that I was in

a passage. We passed along it, and Holmes very gently opened a door upon the right-hand side. Something rushed out at us, and my heart sprang into my mouth, but I could have laughed when I realized that it was the cat. A fire was burning in this new room, and again the air was heavy with tobacco smoke. Holmes entered on tiptoe, waited for me to follow, and then very gently closed the door. We were in Milverton's study, and a portiere at the further side showed the entrance to his bedroom.

It was a good fire, and the room was illuminated by it. Near the door I saw the gleam of an electric switch; but it was unnecessary, even if it had been safe, to turn it on. At one side of the fireplace was a heavy curtain, which covered the bay window we had seen from outside. On the other side was the door which communicated with the veranda. A desk stood in the centre with a turning chair of shining red leather. Opposite was a large bookcase with a marble bust of Athene on the top. In the corner between the bookcase and the wall there stood a tall green safe, the fire-light flashing back from the polished brass knobs upon its face. Holmes stole across and looked at it. Then he crept to the door of the bedroom, and stood with slanting head listening intently. No sound came from within. Meanwhile it had struck me that it would be wise to secure our retreat through the outer door, so I examined it. To my amazement, it was neither locked nor bolted! I touched Holmes on the arm, and he turned his masked face in that direction. I saw him start, and he was evidently as surprised as I.

"I don't like it," he whispered, putting his lips to my very ear. "I can't quite make it out. Anyhow, we have no time to lose."

"Can I do anything?"

"Yes, stand by the door. If you hear any one come, bolt it on the inside, and we can get away as we came. If they come the other way, we can get through the door if our job is done, or hide behind these window curtains if it is not. Do you understand?"

I nodded, and stood by the door. My first feeling of fear had passed away, and I thrilled now with a keener zest than I had ever enjoyed when we were the defenders of the law instead of its defiers. The high object of our mission, the consciousness that it was unselfish and chivalrous, the villainous character of our opponent, all added to the sporting interest of the adventure. Far from feeling guilty, I rejoiced and exulted in our dangers.

With a glow of admiration, I watched Holmes unrolling his case of instruments, and choosing his tool with the calm scientific accuracy of a surgeon who performs a delicate operation. I knew that the opening of safes was a particular hobby with him, and I understood the joy which it gave him to be confronted with this green and gold monster, the dragon which held in its maw the reputations of many fair ladies. Turning up the cuffs of his dresscoat—he had placed his overcoat on a chair—Holmes laid out two drills, a jimmy, and several skeleton keys. I stood at the centre door with my eyes glancing at each of the others, ready for any emergency, though, indeed, my plans were somewhat vague as to what I should do if we were interrupted. For half an hour Holmes worked with concentrated energy, laying down one tool, picking up another, handling each with the strength and delicacy of the trained mechanic. Finally I heard a click, the broad green door swung open, and inside I had a glimpse of a number of paper packets, each tied, sealed, and inscribed. Holmes picked one out, but it was hard to read by the flickering fire, and he drew out his little dark lantern, for it was too dangerous, with Milverton in the next room, to switch on the electric light. Suddenly I saw him halt, listen intently, and then in an



"YOU COULDN'T COME ANY OTHER TIME—EH?"

instant he had swung the door of the safe to, picked up his coat, stuffed his tools into the pockets, and darted behind the window curtain, motioning me to do the same.

It was only when I had joined him there that I heard what had alarmed his quicker senses. There was a noise somewhere within the house. A door slammed in the distance. Then a confused dull murmur broke itself into the measured thud of heavy footsteps rapidly approaching. They were in the passage outside the room. They paused at the door. The door opened. There was a sharp snick as the electric light was turned on. The door closed once more, and the pungent reek of a strong cigar was borne to our nostrils. Then the footsteps continued backward and forward, backward and forward, within a few yards of us. Finally, there was a creak from a chair, and the footsteps ceased. Then a key clicked in a lock, and I heard the rustle of papers.

So far I had not dared to look out, but now I gently parted the division of the curtains in front of me, and peeped through. From the pressure of Holmes's shoulder against mine, I knew that he was sharing my observations. Right in front of us, and almost within our reach, was the broad rounded back of Milverton. It was evident that he had entirely miscalculated his movements, that he had never been to his bedroom, but that he had been sitting up in some smoking or

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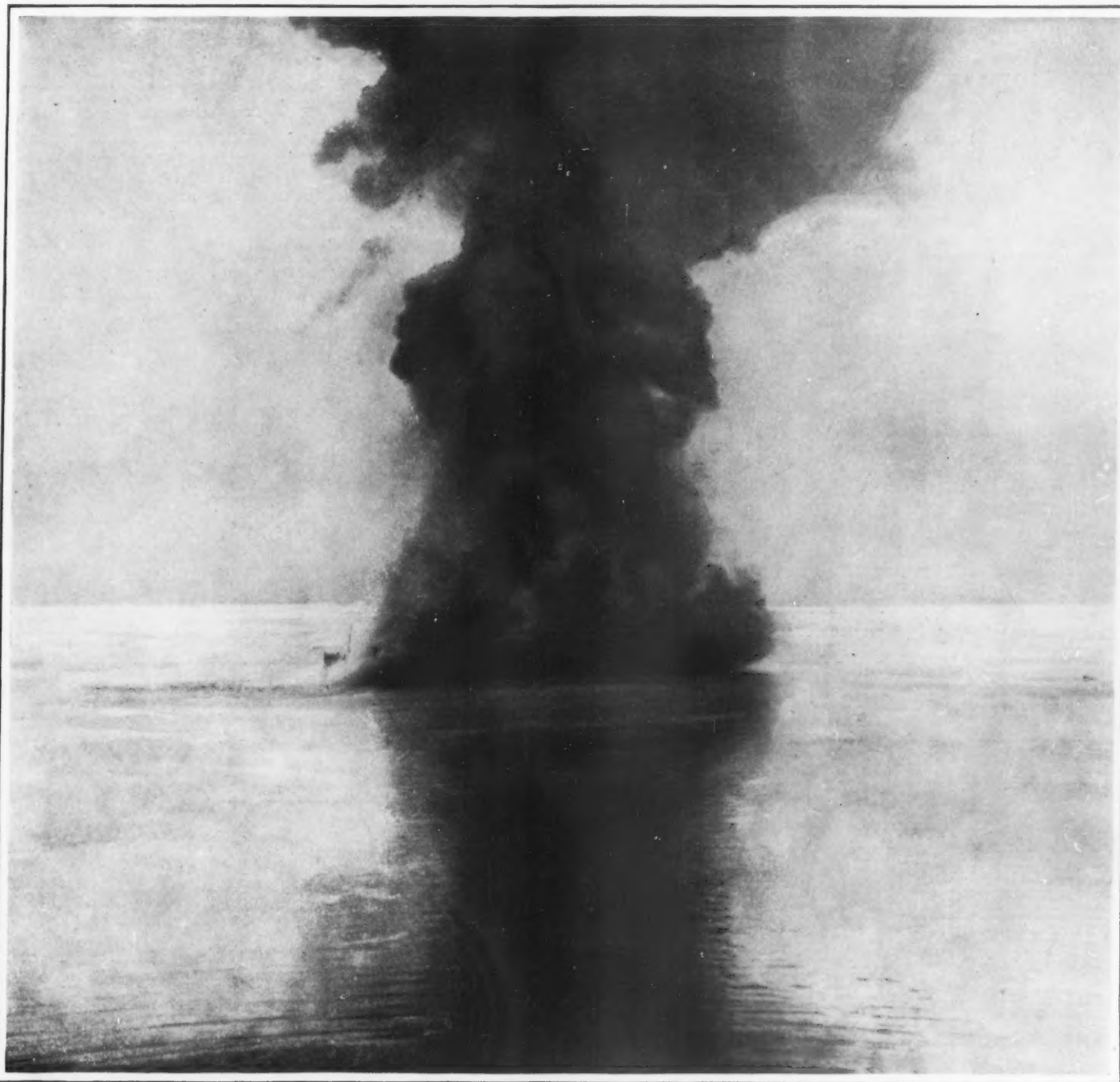
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RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR EXTRA

NO. 3

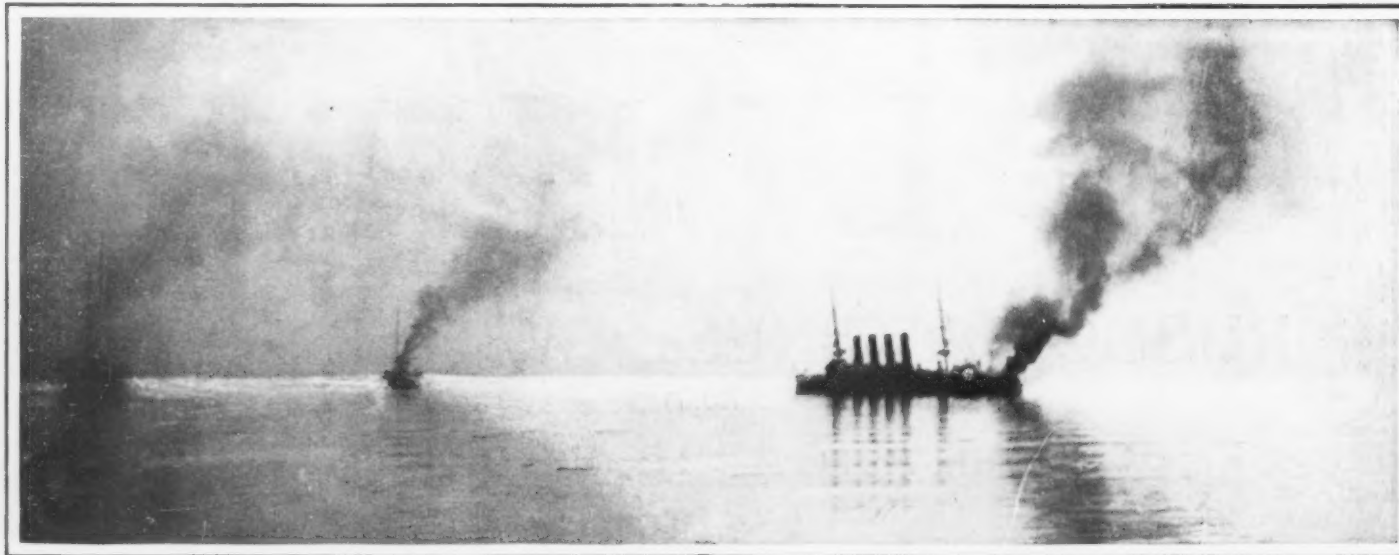
MARCH 26, 1904



THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT "KORIETZ" BLOWING UP IN CHEMULPO HARBOR

The "Koriets" was a slow gunboat, of only 1200 tons, mounting one 6-inch and two 8-inch guns, with no armor protection. The "Koriets" met the Japanese fleet of battleships and powerful cruisers on leaving the harbor of Chemulpo, February 8, to take despatches to Port Arthur. The Russian commander cleared for action, fired a shot at the Japanese torpedo scouts, then returned at full speed to shelter near the Russian cruiser "Variag" inside the Korean harbor. Early on the morning of February 9 Admiral Uriu, commander of the Japanese fleet, notified the Russians that they must surrender or leave the harbor by noon, else he would attack them where they lay. Escape was impossible. At 11:30 of that forenoon the "Variag" led the way and received the full shock of the Japanese attack. The "Koriets" kept well under the lee of Round Island, near the harbor mouth, and was untouched, while the Japanese great guns were pounding the larger cruiser to pieces. After fifty minutes' fighting, the "Koriets" returned to her anchorage, and her commander, after consultation with the captain of the "Variag," decided to remove his men and destroy his ship, because Admiral Uriu had promised to attack inside the harbor at four in the afternoon. At precisely four o'clock, two deafening explosions came from the "Koriets" and a cloud of thick gray and black smoke billowed upward. As the smoke cleared on the hissing, boiling water, where the "Koriets" had been, only bits of wreckage and about four feet of her after funnel could be seen. R. L. Dunn, Collier's special war photographer, who had been sent to Korea in anticipation of just such a possibility as this battle, was present during the action and took the remarkable and exclusive photographs published in this War Extra.

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THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "VARIAG" ON FIRE IN CHEMULPO HARBOR

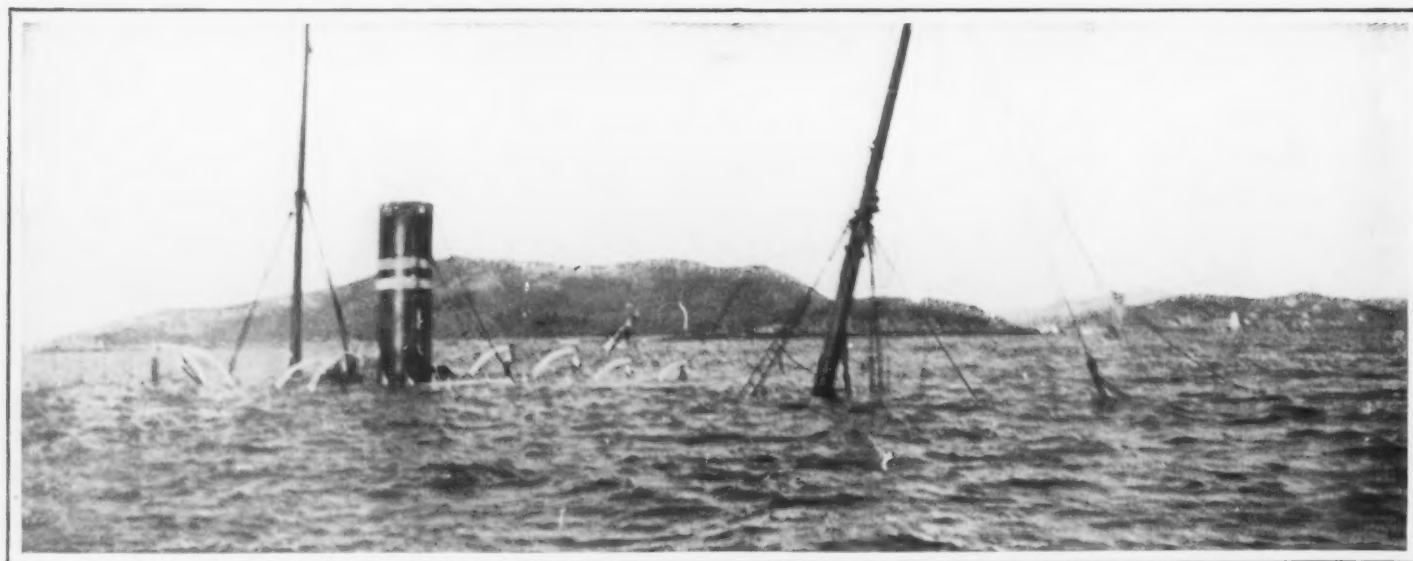
The American-built protected cruiser "Variag," of 6,500 tons, fought one of the most gallant battles against odds in the history of naval warfare. When Admiral Uriu, on February 9, ordered the Russians to surrender or fight in Chemulpo Harbor, the Japanese odds were two battleships, six cruisers, and twelve torpedo craft. Against these were the twelve 6-inch guns of the "Variag," and the helpless little gunboat "Korietz." Captain Roudnoff, of the cruiser, steamed out, with band playing, and the crews of the neutral warships in port cheering the courage of this forlorn hope. He met the Japanese fleet eight miles out, the enemy using long-range, 12-inch guns, and rounding away at a distance which made the "Variag's" batteries harmless. The first two shells from Admiral Uriu's flagship disabled two boilers, smashed the bridge, and gave the "Variag" so heavy a list that her port battery was useless. Ten large projectiles riddled the cruiser, besides a rain of shrapnel. In fifty minutes not a gun could be worked, the ship was afire, engines crippled, and 109 officers and men, of a complement of 540, lay dead and wounded on the decks. The "Variag" crept back into port, useless for further battle, and it was decided to blow her up. Her crew was removed to the British cruiser "Talbot" and the French cruiser "Pascal." Then the "Variag" was set on fire, sea cocks were opened, and three hours later one of the finest warships afloat, after only eighteen months' service, went to the bottom, a shattered and blackened mass of steel.



TOPMASTS OF THE CRUISER "VARIAG," SUNK IN CHEMULPO HARBOR



FUNNEL OF THE GUNBOAT "KORIETZ," SUNK FEBRUARY 9



THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT STEAMER "SUNGARI," SUNK TO PREVENT HER CAPTURE BY THE JAPANESE

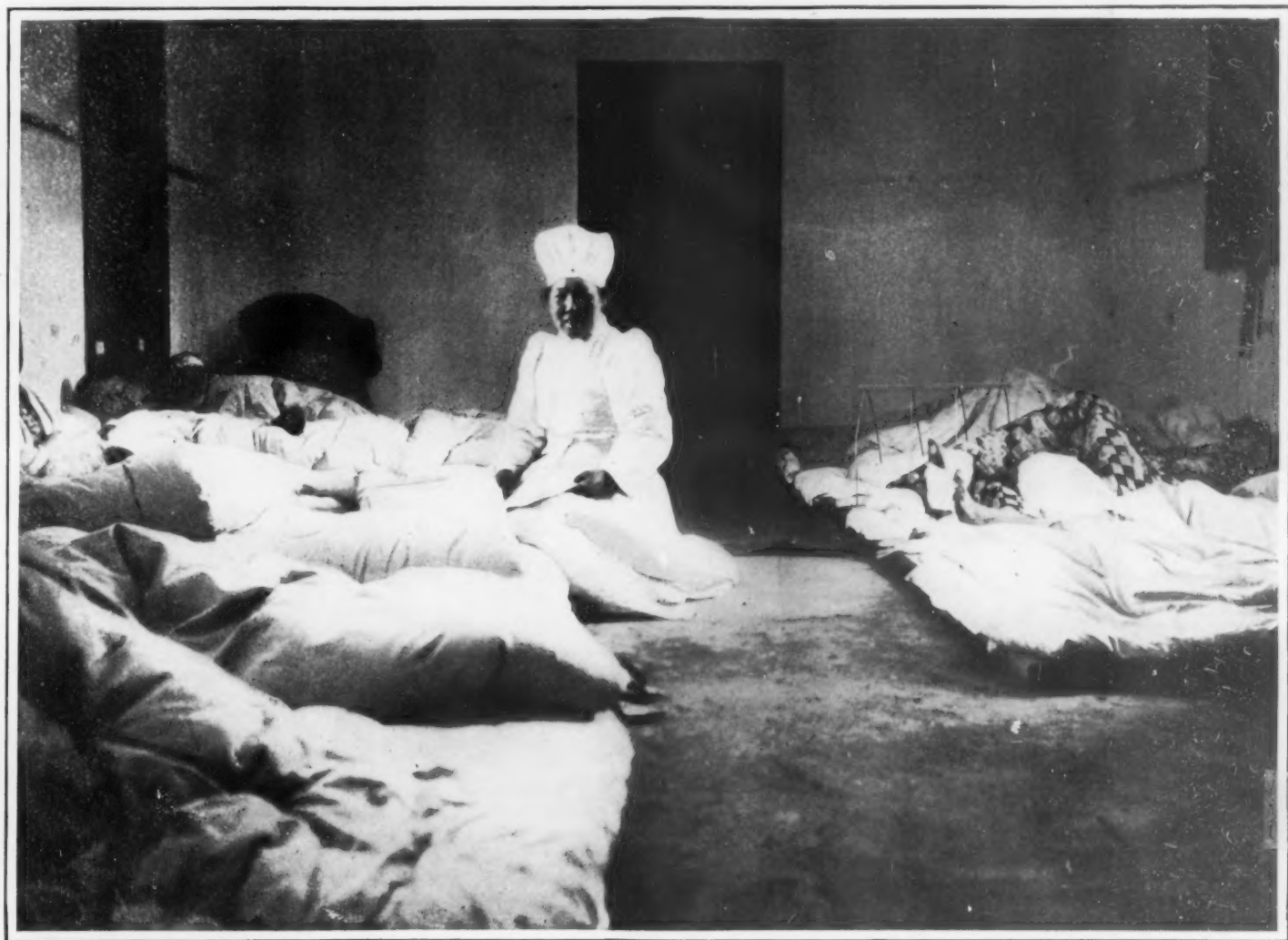
This vessel lay in port, Feb. 9, with clearance papers aboard, ready to sail on her regularly scheduled trip for Port Arthur, having landed her passengers and mails from Shanghai. After the commander of the "Variag," with his men, were safely aboard the French cruiser "Pascal," he sent a boatload of Russian sailors to the "Sungari," with orders to fire and scuttle her. The ship's officers and crew of forty men were taken aboard the "Pascal," and the big merchant vessel was set on fire at the main hatch at about six o'clock in the afternoon. The flames quickly ate her upper works, and the hull burned until two o'clock the following morning, throwing a great glare over the harbor and hills of Chemulpo. Then the "Sungari" sank, leaving only her topmasts and a part of her funnel above water.

WRECKS OF THE RUSSIAN SHIPS IN CHEMULPO HARBOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



EXTERIOR OF THE HOSPITAL BUILDING, WITH THE RED CROSS FLAGS OVER THE GATE



JAPANESE RED CROSS NURSE ATTENDING RUSSIAN SAILORS WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 9

THE JAPANESE HOSPITAL AT CHEMULPO

At the time of the battle between the Russian and Japanese ships outside of Chemulpo Harbor, the Japanese did not have any hospital in Chemulpo, and the wounded Russians were therefore taken aboard the French, British, and Italian cruisers, to be cared for until the Japanese medical corps had landed. As soon as the Japanese vanguard went ashore the hospital corps improvised a hospital, and the more dangerously wounded Russians were brought ashore and placed in this hospital, where they were cared for by Japanese doctors and Japanese Red Cross nurses. The Russian sailors were placed side by side in large rooms on mattresses and received the best of attention. As a mark of appreciation for this kind treatment, the Russian Government has made a contribution, through the French Minister at Seoul, of 2,000 yen (\$1,000) to the Japanese branch of the Red Cross Society.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY.



WITH THE RUSS

A division of regular troops mobilizing in Southeastern Russia for transportation northward. The infantry regiments may be seen marching along the main road, while the

Photograph by Victor K. Bulla, Collier's Special War Photographer with



RUSSIAN ARMY

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on road, while the artillery and transport wagons are moving up in the middle distance. A large body of cavalry, half hidden in dust clouds, is visible stretching off toward the horizon
al War Photographer with the Russian forces. Copyright 1904 by Collier's Weekly



THE HOSPITAL CORPS LANDING THEIR MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SUPPLIES



JAPANESE CAVALRY TROOPERS WATCHING OVER THEIR SUPPLIES ON THE BEACH AT CHEMULPO

THE FIRST JAPANESE LANDING IN KOREA

One of the most remarkable features of the landing of Japanese troops at Chemulpo, on the day after the Russian ships in the harbor had been destroyed, was the perfect order displayed by all concerned. The army was dependent for nothing upon the port, having brought with it, on the transports, launches, lighters, barracks, pontoons, derricks, hoists, horses, water-boats, and hundreds of specially trained coolies. The landing of men and stores was done on Japanese army lighters, and once the packages had reached the shore they were handled by the coolies, many of these men being veterans of the Chino-Japanese War. The most perfect order prevailed throughout. The work of the hundreds of men was not interrupted for a minute by the local Japanese population, and not a hitch occurred. The officers found it unnecessary to give their orders in loud tones, the coolies knowing exactly what to do, and laboring unceasingly and systematically.

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Inner Basin—Golden Hill Forts

Coal Sheds

The Harbor Mouth

The Tiger's Tail Promontory



VIEW OF THE HARBOR ENTRANCE, FROM THE LAND SIDE,—THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE OFFING

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Torpedo Transport "Yanbu," sunk Feb. 13

Torpedo Transport "Anzhi"



Gunboat "Mandjur," now damaged in Shanghai

Battleship "Pereval"

Naval Tug

Battleship "Czarevitch," sunk Feb. 8

Gunboat "Grosfatchy"

THE RUSSIAN FLEET, STEAMING OUT OF THE INNER HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 1, TO TAKE POSITION IN THE OUTER ROADSTEAD

THE BATTLE OF PORT ARTHUR

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, Collier's Special Correspondent with the Russian Forces in the Liaotung Peninsula

PORT ARTHUR, Feb. 9
THE first sea fight of the war took place last night and resulted in a Japanese victory. Soon after midnight several low explosions were heard, as though a mine had been sprung at a considerable depth in the ground. They were not pronounced enough to have awakened any one in the town, but were easily heard by any who had not yet retired. After the first few explosions nothing more was heard, and as there had been considerable blasting in connection with the building of a drydock in the vicinity, no particular attention was paid to the reports. In the morning, however, the result was to be seen. At the entrance of the harbor were the two Russian battleships, the *Czarevitch* and the *Retvizan*, heeled away over and fast ashore. One would have thought that this would have created some excitement in this military centre, but I have seen more on the New England coast over the wreck of a fishing-smack than was displayed by these stolid Russians. Possibly they did not realize the full purport of the disaster that had overtaken them, but in any case they took it quite indifferently. During the early morning hours a small crowd collected on the hills and gazed at the crippled battleships. One of them had been one of the fastest battleships in the Russian navy, if not the fastest, and in one shot she had been put out of action.

During the entire morning a Japanese torpedo boat or destroyer hovered about in plain sight, coming in at times so near that it seemed to invite attack. At 11:30 o'clock the Russian shore batteries opened upon the Japanese fleet, which had moved up into position, and after the first shot was fired, as a signal, the fire rippled along the entire Russian line. The firing as a whole was very heavy from the Russian batteries. The attacking fleet returned the fire with vigor, but their shells did no damage to the forts on land. The Japanese shells fell in the harbor and on the hill behind the town, but none of them took effect, although the merchant shipping in the harbor was in imminent danger. In a few cases the fragments from the exploding shells struck the different ships and slightly wounded some of the crew, but no real damage was done.

The wharf was struck twice, one of the shells exploding on contact, making a hole six feet deep in the stone foundation and in a lot of debris piled near the wharf. The

windows in the vicinity were all smashed. Another 12-inch shell fell in a yard near by, but did not explode, and was there the next day sticking, half buried, in the ground.

The Japanese fleet made but one attack and then sailed away into the heavy mist that hung over the sea, evidently wishing only to test the strength of the place. The Russians having too much to lose, and

being in such a crippled condition, did not follow the enemy. While very little, if any, damage was done in the town by the Japanese shells, they caused a panic among the inhabitants, especially among the Chinese, and for several days following every one of them who had not run away took any available means to escape. Servants, coolies, and laborers of all sorts fled in hundreds, paying any price to get away.

When the day's fighting had finished, the record from the Russian side showed the loss of two battleships from torpedoes, aground at the entrance of the harbor, and one of them probably a total loss, and two cruisers badly damaged, with their wounds stuffed with hemp matting. Throughout the fleet were marks of the Japanese fire—here a boat smashed, a funnel shot away, stacks riddled, and deep indentations in the armor.

The Russians reported twenty-eight killed and thirty-two wounded. There was probably no damage whatever done to the forts by the Japanese fleet. The Russian fleet as engaged and in the harbor consisted of five battleships outside the harbor, besides the two aground, four cruisers, twelve torpedo boats and destroyers, and one vessel of the volunteer fleet. There were three cruisers and four torpedo boats in East Port, and two cruisers and five torpedo boats at anchor inside the bay. The armament of the shore batteries consisted of probably ten to twelve 10-inch guns, besides several batteries of smaller ten and twelve quick-fire guns. The only guns using black powder were those at the main entrance to the harbor, and this was undoubtedly done for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, as the Russians have sufficient smokeless powder on hand. One of the wounded battleships, the *Czarevitch*, was pulled off the shore by tugs on Tuesday afternoon, February 9, and towed into port, but it was plain to see that she was in very bad condition, seeming to have filled astern, for she had settled badly, although forward she was well afloat.

The following day the fleet moved into the harbor, with the exception of the torpedo boats and destroyers. All of these small craft were continued on scout duty and as despatch boats. As nearly as could be seen from this side, the Japanese fleet consisted of eight ships, but as a very heavy mist hung well inshore, it is thought that only part of the fleet was engaged.



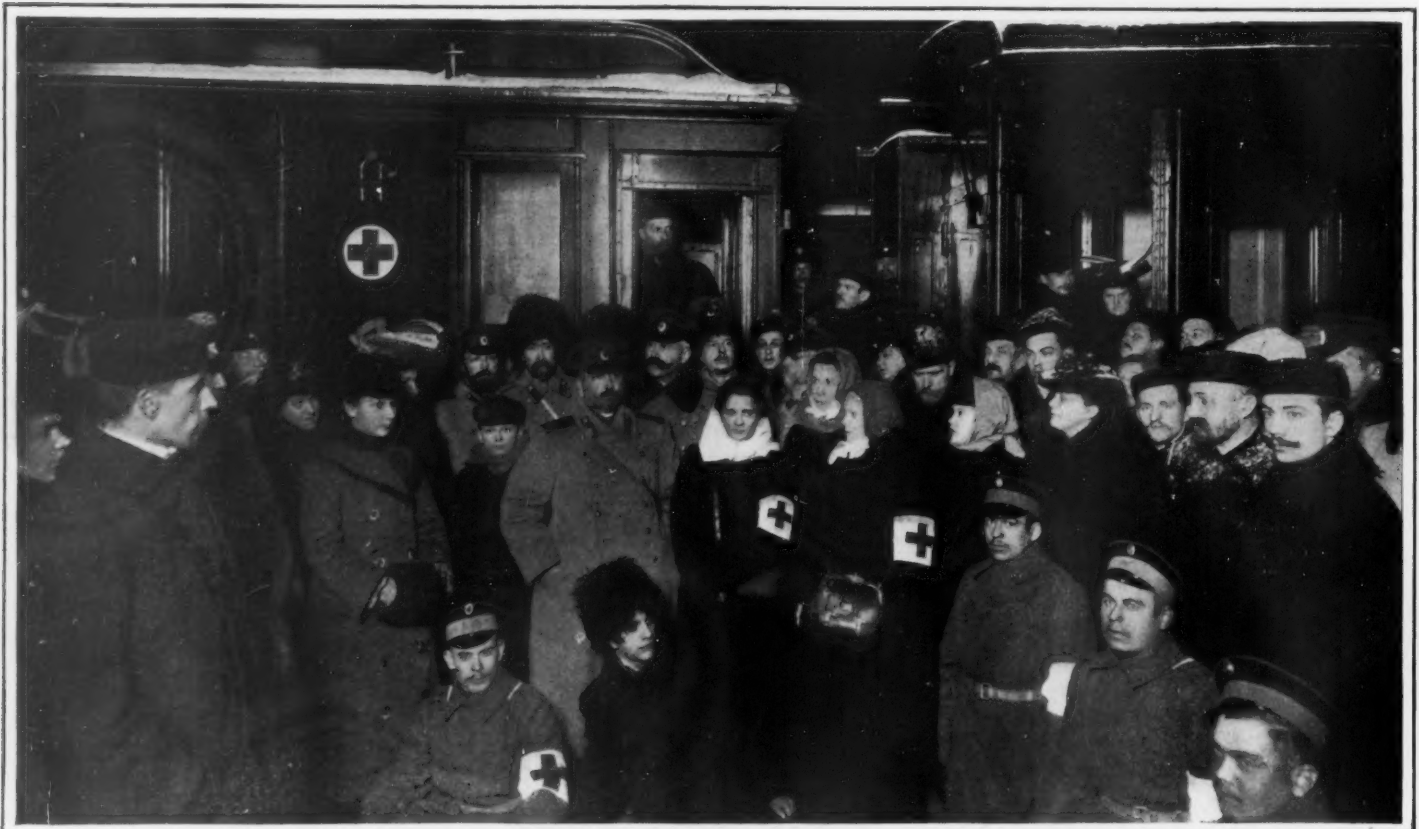
DIAGRAM OF THE BATTLE OF PORT ARTHUR

From a sketch made by a British artillery officer who was present, on the Russian side, during the first attack of the Japanese fleet, on February 8



LADIES OF ST. PETERSBURG SEWING FOR THE RED CROSS SOCIETY IN THE PALACE OF GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR ALEXANDROVITCH

Under the auspices of the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, uncle of the Czar, a circle of titled and fashionable ladies of St. Petersburg meet regularly at the Grand Ducal residence to sew for the Red Cross Society. The Grand Duchess has equipped and sent to the front at her own expense, aided by contributions personally solicited, an entire train fitted out for hospital purposes under Red Cross supervision. This spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty has pervaded the whole Imperial family, the Court, and Russian society in general. The two principal centres of work in St. Petersburg are the Winter Palace and the Anitchkoff Palace. At the former the Czarina sews for several hours every day, with nearly a thousand other ladies; while at the Anitchkoff Palace the Dowager Empress Marie, mother of the Czar, presides over a second great sewing circle. The Dowager Empress is the chief patroness of the Russian branch of the Red Cross Society, and takes an active interest in its work.



A RED CROSS HOSPITAL TRAIN, WITH NURSES AND SUPPLIES, LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG

ACTIVE PREPARATIONS BY RUSSIA'S RED CROSS SOCIETY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR K. MULLA, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES IN THE FIELD. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

billiard room in the further wing of the house, the windows of which we had not seen. His broad grizzled head, with its shining patch of baldness, was in the immediate foreground of our vision. He was leaning far back in the red leather chair, his legs outstretched, a long black cigar projecting at an angle from his mouth. He wore a semi-military smoking-jacket, claret-colored, with a black velvet collar. In his hand he held a long legal document, which he was reading in an indolent fashion, blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his lips as he did so. There was no promise of a speedy departure in his composed bearing and his comfortable attitude.

I felt Holmes's hand steal into mine and give me a reassuring shake, as if to say that the situation was within his powers, and that he was easy in his mind. I was not sure whether he had seen what was only too obvious from my position, that the door of the safe was imperfectly closed, and that Milverton might at any moment observe it. In my own mind I had de-

termined, that if I were sure, from the rigidity of his gaze, that it had caught his eye, I would at once spring out, throw my greatcoat over his head, pinion him, and leave the rest to Holmes. But Milverton never looked up. He was languidly interested by the papers in his hand, and page after page was turned as he followed the argument of the lawyer. At least, I thought, when he has finished the document and the cigar he will go to his room; but before he had reached the end of either there came a remarkable development which turned our thoughts into quite another channel.

Several times I had observed that Milverton looked at his watch, and once he had risen and sat down again, with a gesture of impatience. The idea, however, that he might have an appointment at so strange an hour

never occurred to me until a faint sound reached my ears from the veranda outside. Milverton dropped his papers, and sat rigid in his chair. The sound was repeated, and then there came a gentle tap at the door. Milverton rose, and opened it.

"Well," said he curtly, "you are nearly half an hour late."

So this was the explanation of the unlocked door, and of the nocturnal vigil of Milverton. There was the gentle rustle of a woman's dress. I had closed the slit between the curtains, as Milverton's face had turned in our direction, but now I ventured very carefully to open it once more. He had resumed his seat, the cigar still projecting at an insolent angle from the corner of his mouth. In front of him, in the full glare of the electric light, there stood a tall, slim, dark woman, a veil over her face, a mantle drawn round her chin. Her breath came quick and fast, and every inch of the lithe figure was quivering with strong emotion. (Continued on page 14.)



HEADPIECE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

Tragedy and Business

THE allegation, in one of these discursive articles, that tragedy is not much of an investment in any country, is combated by one of our best informed correspondents. "Really," says Mr. James Platt White, "I should wish no better investment than tragedy on the Continent. I suppose we should agree that the Deutsches Theater is the greatest theatre in the world, not only from the artistic but from the financial point of view. A theatre which has every season one play which runs for a hundred or more performances, two or three more with from forty to sixty performances, the first season, and a large repertory of older plays that still draw large crowds whenever put on, has a steady financial position that even Mr. Charles Frohman may well envy."

Mr. White goes on to show that the greatest successes for the past ten years at this theatre have been tragedies, including "Die Weber," "Die Versunkene Glocke," "Johannes," "Fuhrmann Henschel," "Der Probe Candidat," "Rosenmontag," "Es Lebe das Leben," "Monna Vanna," and (if we choose to call it a tragedy) "Cyrano de Bergerac." "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," and "Hedda Gabler" of Ibsen have also succeeded in Germany, as has Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness." The "tragedy of blood" also is represented there by a number of popular dramas. In Berlin, "Beyond Human Power" has had almost as great a vogue as "Old Heidelberg"; the first part of the Björnsen play (which Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave in America), passing the hundredth performance in its first year, and the second part doing almost as well. Among the great successes of the Lessing Theater have been "Die Ehre," "Johannisfeuer," and "Heimat" of Sudermann, and "Jugend," which was produced at the Residenz Theater, was also favorably received. "The Lowest Depths" has had three hundred performances this year.

Such instances make an honorable record for Germany, and something can be done in the way of a similar argument for Paris and Vienna, but a misunderstanding, or a juggling with terms or facts, must underlie such arguments. Many of the best theatres in Europe are subsidized and spend every year more than they take in. Even those which "pay," among the theatres which produce the best drama, with very rare exceptions, merely make a respectable income on the money invested. I do not believe tragedy, even in Germany, is as good an investment as Standard Oil, farce, musical comedy, extravaganza, or breakfast foods can be made by astute management. Not the most successful play in this striking German list has made as much money as "Ben Hur," "The Old Homestead," or "Charley's Aunt," and no manager of a high-class German playhouse coins as much money as Klaw & Erlanger or Weber & Fields. Undoubtedly, tragedy can be made to pay, on the standards proper to art; but before it can be with us what it is with the Germans the stage must cease to be primarily a device for the heaping together of gold.

Education and the Drama

"WELL," exclaimed a girl indignantly, after a lecture on the drama, "do you mean to say we ought not to go to see plays like 'The Wizard of Oz'?" "Oh, no," I replied, in a fright, "by no means. Only I should regret giving up tragedy and high comedy for such diversions. It depends upon

how one's evenings are spent. Going to musical comedy and burlesque is infinitely more profitable to the mind than playing bridge."

Standards in the drama, as in other arts, are affected by education, and react again upon the general popular enlightenment. It is harder to perfect any art in a Democracy. The differences between our problems and those of other lands are largely measured by the nature of our Democracy. For the first time in the history of the world one man's desires and tastes count almost as much as another's, with no reference to class. Renan, many years ago, made an earnest attack upon the doctrine that what should be sought by society was the greatest good of the greatest number, and upon America for accepting that doctrine. He called her barbarous, and maintained that progress in science and art could never result from the gospel of equal opportunity. His ideal was that the highest point of a civilization should become higher, not that the general level should be raised; and this is the ideal

of Aristocracy. Ours is the ideal of Democracy, and we can progress only in directions consistent with that ideal. This principle makes artistic progress more difficult, but not impossible; for in art, unlike politics, a minority can do something to satisfy and express its own tastes. "Everyman" can exist side by side with "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Minority representation is encouraged by seasons like the present, in which the department-store producers of dramas for the largest public have met disaster; because, although the best plays are seldom sensational producers of money, they are safe, conservative investments for men who understand them. They are supported by a public less fickle and more comprehensible than the great, unsorted public. The theatre is a popular institution. Everybody likes to talk about it. Educated people, however, prefer to talk of plays that have some meaning in them.

Points in Acting

SHAKESPEARE is doing his share, when "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It" appear prominently in New York at the same time. "Everyman" and "She Stoops to Conquer" also represent English literature, which is seldom represented outside of Shakespeare. People are constantly heard alleging that they prefer to read Shakespeare, but they are the persons who do not read him. Those who know English dramatic literature best and love it most are those who most wish to see it on the stage. "Everyman" is such an utterly delightful experience that it increases one's wish for more drama with genius in it. Miss Wynne Matthison's beautiful voice, poetry, and intelligence do much for the old play, which, however, does much for itself. Miss Matthison's temperament seems to be imaginative and grave, and she plays Viola, therefore, with much more emphasis on the heartaches and longings of the heroine than on the youthful gayety which belongs perhaps not so much to Viola as an individual as to the spirit of the comedy itself. Rosalind is a far sprightlier girl than Viola, and Miss Matthison plays her with moderate buoyancy and great charm and sweetness, but the title-role in "Everyman" remains this actress's high-water mark. Temperament determines what a player shall do best. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a very refined and accomplished actor, whose sympathies and tastes seem to be realistic and modern. The strongest work I have seen him do was in "The Sacrament of Judas." In "The Light That Failed" he does everything called for by his part and does it well. "Hamlet" calls for certain attributes and methods which to Mr. Forbes Robertson, as to many another excellent actor of contemporary tastes, seem out of date and artificial. He reads many of his speeches with exquisite musical comprehension, and his voice and appearance are enough to give pleasure in themselves. But this "Hamlet" proceeds with evenness, without great heights or depths, without paroxysms of passion, seas of melancholy, or depths of half-insane despair. We are not now beholding a play full of great moments, when storms, long gathering, burst with fury into floods—rather a modern history of gloom and death than a stirring series of events so moving that the human heart and mind are almost burst asunder. There is much that is very beautiful in this refined, colloquial "Hamlet," but it is not what I call tragedy. It charms, but it does not stir the emotions to their depths, shake the imagination, and excite the mind. (Continued on page 23.)



MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS ROSALIND

Daughters of Desperation

The Adventures of Three Fair Anarchists, an Obliging Young Man, and a Dog

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS—PART THREE

By HILDEGARD BROOKS : : Illustrated by CHARLOTTE HARDING

One day Maurice Silsbee, the promised groomsmen of his friend Spoffard, who that same day is to marry Miss Ina Bushnell, comes upon three young ladies in a garden adjoining the Bushnell property. These, the Misses Dicey, Houghton, and Halliburton, avow themselves members of an anarchistic society presided over by one Stephens. They design, for the benefit of the Cause, to rob Miss Bushnell's wedding silver-chest, and for this purpose have hired the professional burglar Gardiner. Silsbee, appearing at the hour when Gardiner is expected, is mistaken for him and thus initiated into the secret. While impersonating the criminal, Silsbee tries to dissuade the Daughters of Desperation from their purpose. But when the real burglar arrives Silsbee is found out, overpowered, and locked in the cellar. Two of the young women visit him there after the wedding ceremonies are over, offering him the choice between freedom if he will promise not to betray the plot, and death if he refuses to connive with them in the burglary.

CHAPTER V

I LAY down, but not to sleep. Though I now felt reasonably secure from interruption, I found it hard to compose myself for rest. On the whole my evening had been delightful, but in one respect it had been disappointing. I was only too well aware why I was dissatisfied and tried to divert my thoughts with a review of all that had passed between my callers and myself. Entertaining as it was, it could not subdue a strong if unreasonable sense I had that the third Daughter of Desperation, Miss Halliburton, owed me a visit. It was not that I felt neglected. Miss Dicey with the suppers had been kind; Miss Houghton with the poisons had been still kinder; and had it not been for their visits it would not have occurred to me to expect any attention from their leader. As it was I well knew I had no actual claim on her time. Still, the thought haunted me that had she considered me at all she would have come for a minute or two, just to see whether I was comfortable—whether there was anything I wanted.

I wanted very distinctly to see her again. As the half-hours dragged away, I pictured the robbery in progress. The whole deplorable action had a haunting charm for me, a charm borrowed from the personalities of the Daughters of Desperation. I never doubted but that they would secure the silver. I even entertained the thought that they might escape with it. But it never occurred to me that they would be lost to my view. The world was doubtless wide, and many the byways of malefactors; but to me fate could not be so unkind as to cut me off midway in my adventure. Through Josh, the dog, I had been plunged in; through some slight means, I knew, I would be carried further. Somehow, somewhere, I would meet these ladies again; and I was resolved that no resentment on my part for that they had buried me alive should cloud the pleasure of that meeting.

Yes, Miss Halliburton had moments of great loveliness. Those dark gray eyes, that rising and waning shell-pink of her face, that low voice, that straight and lanky bearing—for a moment, when she had caressed Josh, her expression had wonderfully softened.

Josh? I thought of him as having already given his new owners the slip and returned to his native gutters to hunt the rats by night and sniff lazily about the sun-blessed squalors by day. Perhaps he was at this moment flattering some belated pedestrian by following him affectionately through the dark street, while I, victim of the morning, lay starving to death in a dungeon. I felt no rancor at the thought; the dog had but followed the dumb promptings of his devilish nature. He had made trouble out of circumstance, as the bee makes honey out of nectarine.

There was a light step in the cellar passageway. I started hastily to my feet and lighted my candles. Certainly, one of my captors was coming to my door. Could it be the leader? Was my existence to be recognized at last?

Whoever it was stood silent outside my door as if to listen. I remained standing quiet. Then came a low voice, calling my name. I recognized it with an inward start. It was Miss Halliburton.

"Come in," I cried. She had difficulties with all the bolts and I could not help her there. At last the door opened and she appeared on the threshold in the light of my candles.

I observed with some anxiety that she was pale. Like the other two she wore the blue, lacy gown of her office as bridesmaid, but unlike the others she let its flounces trail to the floor, while her hands were locked before her. In that low frame she looked supremely tall and slight; yet neither her queenly bearing nor the resolute calm of her face could conceal that she was agitated. Her breath came fast, and when she spoke her voice played on me strangely by its tremors. "Mr. Silsbee, have you taken any poison yet?" she demanded.

For one glowing moment I believed it was concern for my life that had brought her, white and agitated, to my cell in the dead of night; but she swiftly undeceived me.

"Because if you haven't—and if you are feeling pretty well—I want to ask a great favor of you."

"I hope nothing has gone wrong?" I said, trying to be amiable in my disappointment.

"Yes—with the burglary," she exclaimed; "and it was your dog."

"Don't tell me," I cried, in a tone of alarm, "that any disaster has befallen the priceless He-zai-to?"

"Yes. Gardiner stepped on his paw," she returned with a steady mien, though her voice sank to faintness.

"Heavens! Where did it happen?"

"In the Bushnells' area."

"Miss Halliburton, do you mean to tell me that you took that innocent little dog with you upon your unhallowed errand?" I asked her in a stern tone.

"He attached himself to me. He wouldn't leave me—"

"Did he go to the wedding?" I inquired with hidden glee. I saw a long vista of possible occurrences.

"He went to the reception. I locked him up for the ceremony, but he suffered so—"

"Naturally you would shrink from depriving a little dog of his liberty," said I.

"Naturally," she returned with calm. She had by this time collected herself and spoke with her usual low-voiced composure. "He followed to the Bushnells'—and, in coming up the area steps, Gardiner stepped on his paw."

"Did the poor injured darling make any noise?" I inquired.

"Noise? He roused the house."

"So that was the end of the burglary?" I exclaimed.

"Of course we couldn't go on. Powell and Gardiner ran away."

"And you ladies?"

"Of course we were so anxious about Josh we couldn't consider anything else," she returned seriously. "We

carried him upstairs and had Mrs. Bushnell and her maids running about fetching witchhazel and linen, and hot and cold water—and Josh lay in my lap—and he held up his poor little paw—in a very pathetic way."

She was visibly affected, and I begged her to spare me the harrowing details, though, to tell the truth, I could have listened to the account of Josh's sufferings a good while longer accompanied as it was by an unforeseen play of expression on Miss Halliburton's usually impassive face.

"But it wasn't very serious after all," she continued more quietly; "for when Mrs. Bushnell's maid took him from me and set him on the floor he ran around quite freely. When we looked he held up one paw; but it wasn't always the same one. He would forget."

And for one delightful moment Miss Halliburton smiled. It was one radiant flash and it was gone instantly.

"Mrs. Bushnell did not appreciate Josh," she continued. "She asked us please to take our dog home and keep him home. She had seen more than she wanted of him with this on top of his appearance at the wedding reception. Miss Dicey had some words with her. I think Miss Dicey rather blamed Mrs. Bushnell because Josh had been hurt in her area."

There was another flickering smile. I was entranced. "Go on," I begged. "How did Mrs. Bushnell excuse herself?"

"She didn't. She wanted to know what business Josh had in her area. Of course we couldn't explain. And she wanted to know why we were all up so late, and why we hadn't changed our gowns—and when we told her we hadn't time, she wanted to know what kept us so busy in the middle of the night. It was very embarrassing. Miss Dicey, who is in charge of all the preparation, had a dreadful time with her, and we were very glad to come away home."

"So that is the end of the adventure?" I exclaimed with relief.

Her expression changed. The resolute and calm Miss Halliburton of the morning stood before me.

"By no means, Mr. Silsbee. All this did not happen till after we had succeeded in getting all the silver out and the safe closed again as if nothing had happened. The accident was as we left the area. The silver lies in two hampers under the piazza steps of the Bushnell house. It is too heavy for us girls to handle alone—and as the two men have run away and don't come back—"

"You want me to help you?" I asked with sudden insight. She bowed her head in acquiescence.

I summoned my moral strength to my aid and spoke to her severely.

"Is it possible, Miss Halliburton, that you have so soon forgotten my attitude to this whole affair?"

"Circumstances have changed, Mr. Silsbee, and your attitude should change with them," she returned gravely. "Of course you couldn't make terms with us when we appeared as the powerful foes of that social order in which you believe. Now we are helpless, in a great predicament. We throw ourselves upon your magnanimity."

"Let me suggest to you that you are in no such very serious straits. All you have to do is to renounce the silver, as Powell and Gardiner have done. The Bushnells will find it and no harm come."

"Mr. Silsbee, I have come simply to ask a favor of you, not at all for your advice," she returned icily. "I ask you to carry some hampers which it goes beyond our strength to lift. I suppose you will not refuse."

"If I refuse, I am justified," I returned; and now that a light look of disdain came into her face I continued still more firmly: "It's not because the action is disreputable that I refuse, but because it is supremely ridiculous. I hold it my highest duty, transcending all moral obligations, to maintain my own sanity—"

"What is the point of all this consideration of yourself?" she interrupted me cuttingly. "It seems to me out of place at a moment when we, three helpless and embarrassed girls, are asking you to consider us."

I was struck by her words, but ventured a meek protest: "I have been considering you all day, Miss Halliburton."

"All day? We've asked nothing till now. What have you done?"

"I would modestly call your attention, Miss Halliburton, to the things I haven't done."

"But as our prisoner—"

"Your prisoner?"

"Well, aren't you that?"

"You force the issue, Miss Halliburton. Well, then, I will state that since I am a man of at least average physical strength, I see no barrier between myself and liberty. To put it more succinctly, I feel that I could walk out of this hole as soon as I pleased. I may add that if for any reason I thought best to take you along—"

Her look silenced me; but I had struck fire from flint and was satisfied to continue on the other line.

"I may say that I ceased to be your prisoner except by my own consent as soon as Powell and Gardiner left me here alone. Please consider, Miss Halliburton, that had I cared to spend my time at the door with my pocket-knife or a firebrand I might still have served Spoffard as best man to-day. I was afraid of troubling you ladies if I appeared at the wedding, so I left my prison door untouched."



I SHOULDERS THE HAMPER AND FOLLOWED MY GUIDES

She turned and looked at the door with unconscious dismay.

"Moreover," I continued, "the door has not even been locked for a greater part of the evening. Miss Dicey and Miss Houghton have been here to offer me, each in turn, refreshment, and have been kind enough to spend some time in talking to me. If at any moment during the stay of either I had cared to—ah—risk her displeasure—"

"You forget Powell," she said quickly; "and he was armed!"

"Well, granting for argument's sake that Powell cowed me," I said. "What keeps me here now, Miss Halliburton? You are alone."

There was a long pause. She stood motionless, regarding me with mingled pain and anger; her head was thrown back, her brows drawn into a deep fold; the strong emotion depicted on her face touched me profoundly; and when, the next moment, two great tears rolled from under her lashes, I was reduced to dust.

"Miss Halliburton, I crave your pardon!" I cried in the greatest compunction. "Believe me, I am not the brute I talk like. There is no more violence in me than in a nine-day kitten; and I should no more dream of approaching the door while you stand there than if you were an angel with a flaming sword."

She drew a long breath and battled for self-control; but her reply was tremulous.

"It isn't that that makes me cry," she returned. "It is nothing to us whether you go or stay, if you refuse to help us. But unless we can get a man to help us, we have failed to-night, and you are the only one we can possibly ask."

"On these simple terms," I answered her sadly. "I can no longer refuse. Lead on, Miss Halliburton."

One last, longing look I cast about my simple cell, already grown dear to me as a quiet retreat; one sigh I gave for even the incomplete rest of my humble bed of straw. In this cell, on this rude couch, I had spent the last hours of my innocence. I was going forth to stain my hands with theft, that I might save my reputation as a cavalier.

CHAPTER VI

FROM the Dicey's garden Miss Halliburton and I entered the Bushnell's grounds by a gap in the hedge. We crossed the smooth lawn, keeping rather in the black shadow of the trees, and so approached the house. As we neared it I was aware of two light figures swaying toward us. Miss Dicey and Miss Houghton had evidently despaired of Miss Halliburton's winning me for the service and were making a heroic effort to drag the big, heavy hamper between them. When I came up, they relinquished the task with long breaths of relief. Not a word was said. I shouldered the hamper and, by the light of the stars, I followed my three guides back to the hedge.

The garden regained, we struck down toward the end where I had entered it and came upon a dark building set well behind some spruces. I presently learned this was Miss Dicey's stable. One of the ladies opened the sliding door of the carriage-house just wide enough to admit us; and when we were all in the pitch-black interior she closed it again.

I stood still with my burden, till a match was struck and a lantern lighted. Then I saw before me a horse, ready harnessed to a large, square-topped wagon of which the curtains were down.

Not a sound was made. With a motion Miss Halliburton indicated that I was to put down the hamper close behind the wagon on the floor; and then that I was to follow Miss Houghton, who was leaving the carriage-house again.

It gratified me—since I needs must be plunged in crime—that my accomplices were people of such business-like quiet and despatch. Certainly Miss Halliburton was an able leader. It was a pleasure to obey her with alacrity. I hurried after Miss Houghton.

We traversed the way back to the Bushnell house in silence, found the second hamper under the high piazza steps, and brought it back to the stable. We had not been long; but already the work of transferring the silver from the first hamper to the wagon was well advanced.

They had chosen a large tool-chest to hold the stolen goods, and were packing the silver in with excelsior and cotton batting, by the light of a lantern standing on the front seat of the wagon. Miss Dicey was in the wagon, packing, while Miss Halliburton stood at the back handing her the pieces from the hamper and the packing materials from two barrels as they were needed.

I offered to relieve Miss Halliburton. Low as my tone was, she laid an affrighted finger on her lips. Then she indicated by gesture again that I might mount into the wagon and take Miss Dicey's place.

As I stepped up inside, I saw Josh curled up on the front seat beside the lantern, fast asleep. Miss Dicey, making way for me, took him up to find room to sit down and held him in her lap. She faced me and

braced her slippered toes against the chest; and she, and Josh with his ears cocked up, watched me narrowly in every motion. I did not mind the lady's eyes, dark and serious and anxious; but the devilish gaze of that unblinking little dog was scarcely endurable. Involuntarily I would glance up, again and again to meet it. It seemed to me Josh was plotting mischief, and I am sure I saw a change of expression on his face when I came to pack with the rest my own gift to Mrs. Spoffard.

The last piece that Miss Halliburton handed up to me was an enormous silver punch-bowl. Its rim came



THEY WERE PACKING THE SILVER BY THE LIGHT OF A LANTERN

even with the top of the chest as I placed it; and, the packing of this great piece accomplished, I sighed with relief.

All this while, it seems, Miss Houghton had been the lookout at the crack of the door. Suddenly she sounded a low whistle. It was evidently an alarm. Miss Dicey started nervously, reached up with haste and turned down the lantern. It went out.

Now, in the dark, I heard Miss Dicey descending cautiously from the front of the wagon. I, following her example, sprang out at the back and came against her on the carriage-house floor.

"I beg ten thousand—" I began involuntarily.

"Sh-sh-sh!" came imperatively from all around me.

I don't know how long we all stood motionless, almost breathless, in the dark, listening for a repetition of the noise that had alarmed our guard. It was long enough for me to drink to the dregs the cup of evil conscience. It was long enough for me to dream a long and horrid dream—of seizure by the police, of recognition by my old friends, of conviction along with my three new ones.

But it was a false alarm. Gradually we all rallied. Some one opened the carriage-house door and we all ventured out into the starlit night. There we listened again. Then, first in whispers, and after a time in low tones, we told each other that it was nothing.

"And now we must make great haste," said Miss Halliburton. "For the dawn is not far off. Is the box ready?"

"All ready," I replied, "except that the lid must be screwed down."

I hurried to the wagon again, climbed in at the back,

put down the lid of the chest in order to climb over it, reached the lantern and relighted it. I had no sooner accomplished this than Miss Halliburton appeared at the back, holding out screwdriver and screws to me. With all possible speed I put in the screws; the holes were ready for them.

Miss Halliburton now mounted to the front seat of the wagon and, all in her lacy gown as she was, gathered up the reins.

"Will you go with me, Mr. Silsbee?" she asked with a turn of her head toward me; and I answered, briefly, "To the bitter end!"

"May I unfasten the horse now?" came Miss Dicey's low voice.

"May I open the door?" came from Miss Houghton. "The lantern should be put out first," said Miss Halliburton, taking it up.

"Go ahead," I answered them all in a stage whisper. "I've got the last screw in."

I was still driving it when the lantern went out; I heard the snap as Miss Dicey unhitched the horse; the roll of the door as Miss Houghton pushed it back. Before I had finished putting in the screw we were in motion.

Once more I felt an access of admiration at the despatch and silence with which our business was being accomplished. For the first time there flashed upon me a vision of success. It was but a moment of delirious hope, and my sober judgment made me instantly reject it. By the time I had climbed over to a seat beside the fair driver I had renewed my inward attitude of patient acquiescence in my doom.

"Will you let me drive?" I asked.

She handed me the reins, and directed me where to turn. Our way was out past the house we had robbed and down Dewey Avenue for a quarter-mile. Then, to my gratification, we crossed a park and seemed to be getting out of town altogether.

"From here it is a straight road," said my companion, and, as if relieved at having no longer to direct me, she turned away and leaned to the side of the wagon with a light sigh.

"I'm afraid you are very tired," I said with concern.

"I suppose we all are," she returned coldly. And after that she pained me by sitting very erect.

I made several ineffectual attempts at conversation. She snubbed me by a merciless silence. She would only speak to suggest that I might urge the horse a little. When I considered all that I was sacrificing for her that night I felt a profound sense of injury. I was rather vaguely aware that a little cordiality from her would be of value to me all out of proportion to the effort it would cost her. If she had only sat with her head turned slightly toward me, it would perhaps have been enough. I would have been the last to underestimate the strain she was under as the responsible leader in this unhallowed enterprise. I should not have expected her to enter upon small talk—but it seemed to me that, now that I was enrolled as a member of the gang, I should have been honored with some confidence or rewarded with a few kind words from my chief.

"Would it be indiscreet in me to ask where we are going?" I said at length, veiling my irritation under an air of humility. She started as if reminded of me for the first time, and then quickly and fully answered me in the tone of formally reporting to one who had a right to know: "We are going to Hopperville Station, two miles out of Keswick, where there is an express office. The agent is never there before six o'clock in the morning. We leave this chest on the platform there with a letter to the agent tacked upon it. In this letter we ask him to ship this chest of tools by the morning train, C. O. D., to the address on the cover; and we ask him to keep the receipt till we call for it. We sign ourselves—Shephathiah Sneed."

"Shephathiah Sneed!" I exclaimed. "Where under heaven did you get that name?"

"In the Bible, after much searching," she returned with calm.

"But couldn't you have found a more likely name?"

"We tried to find one more unlikely," she returned.

"Don't you see, Mr. Silsbee, that we want to avoid any possible coincidence by which, if the silver should be recaptured, some innocent man of the community, whose name we had unwittingly appropriated, might be involved?"

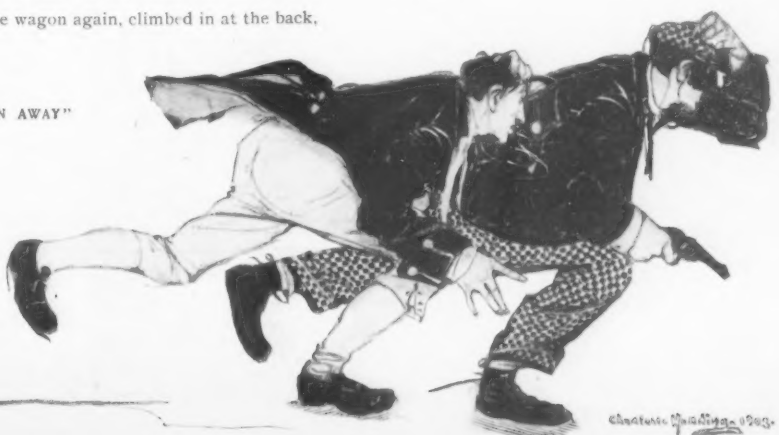
"But such a man—say you had taken the name John Smith—could have easily proved his innocence; and your missive stuck to the box would have had a much more plausible signature," I urged.

"I don't think we should want to buy greater safety to ourselves at the expense of possible fright and probable inconvenience to a fellow-being," said Miss Halliburton rather sternly.

This gave me food for thought; and presently, just



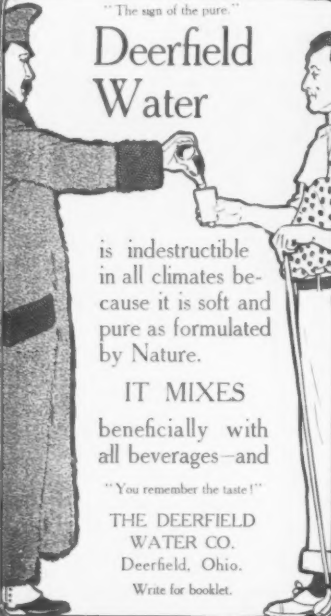
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to keep up the conversation, I asked her whether she was sure she was consistent. "When you proposed to bury me alive," I ventured mildly, "did you consider then the possible fright and probable inconvenience of a fellow-being?"

"The cases are not parallel," she returned rather sternly. "The supposed John Smith is probably a poor man, a member of the oppressed class to which we ourselves belong, and for whose betterment we are struggling. You, Mr. Silsbee, belong to the rich and powerful minority whose downfall we have sworn."

"Rich? I barely live," I exclaimed. "I can't afford polo, my favorite game; I can't afford a steam yacht. I am miserably chained down to my work, the management of an insurance company, with little leisure and few pleasures. My duties grind me down; and my salary, when I compare it to the sums I should like to spend, is a miserable pittance."

She made no reply and I thought she had relapsed into one of her hopeless silences; but Miss Halliburton was evidently but considering my case, for presently she gladdened me by saying:

"I am sorry we so misunderstood you; I am sorry we mistook you for one of the capitalist class. If we had known that you were overworked and underpaid, we should have handled the situation differently."

"You would not have decided that I must die?" I queried.

"We might, indeed, have called upon you to lay down your life for other sufferers—but we should have been deeply grieved at the necessity."

"Ah, I wish the cold world where my lot is cast were more thickly sprinkled with beings as tender-hearted as yourself, Miss Halliburton."

"I am very tender-hearted," observed this human icicle with even calm, but rather in the tone of admitting a serious fault.

"You do not regret it, I hope," said I. "I never regret anything," she returned stoically. "It is against my principles; but I often find it inconvenient to be so alive to the sufferings of others."

"That is what has led you into the paths of social reform, I suppose?"

"Yes—that and other circumstances." "The circumstance of your being somewhat alone in the world?" I questioned.

"Yes." Her tone was bleak. I had a light attack of fever; a semi-delirious vision rose upon my mind. I saw myself accepting the mad situation, making the most of the fact that I was forever cut off from my reputable past. I saw myself acting in the character of outlaw, no longer at the bidding of chivalry but in response to a need of my own. Before us in the half dark of the summer night loomed the mountains.

Suppose I took the matter of choosing the road and urging the horse into my own hands? Suppose I sought those mountains, this Daughter of Desperation at my side? In some cave we could hide the silver, stable the horse, and ourselves lead a wild free life—There would be berries, roots, mushrooms, nuts in season; there would be game and there would be fish in the silent, hidden, green-shadowed lakes among the summits. The slim figure was erect beside me, the proud little head turned resolutely away. But this girl, with the steady, cold front to the world, was as mad of action as any wild gypsy. And her ice was thin. Had I not seen her smiles, her tears? Had I not heard the passionate tremors of which her low voice was capable?

If I should tell her now that she was captured? Or rather, that she was rescued forever from the world, from the police, from the reforms and desperation of the great city—that she was rescued forever from herself? Surely, it was in my power to pour such words into her ears as would melt her, free her, win her—bring her smiling and weeping to my arms!

But I sat still and drove on to the station. One swallow does not make a summer; one crime could not make an outlaw of me. Though we were a pair of thieves, making away with our spoils, though we were a girl and a man driving alone through the night, we were still first and foremost a lady and a gentleman who had not met till the day before. Great is society! Great is convention!

We would go to State's prison—not to a mountain cave.

"There is the station!" said Miss Halliburton.

Inwardly I cursed the station together with all the moral influences of my youth. But my fever had gone down; the fresh wind in our faces warned us of morning and we had the last act of our enterprise to perform with haste.

We drew up at the dark and quiet little country station beside the tracks. Without difficulty we backed the wagon to the freight-platform, and with the use of the lever and rollers, which Miss Halliburton produced from the wagon, I had the box out. Then my companion produced the note signed Shephathiah Sneed and tacked it to the lid of the chest, where the agent could not but find it, and we made off with guilty haste.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Return of Sherlock Holmes

The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton

(Continued from page 15)

"Well," said Milverton, "you've made me lose a good night's rest, my dear. I hope you'll prove worth it. You couldn't come any other time—eh?"

The woman shook her head.

"Well, if you couldn't—you couldn't. If the Countess is a hard mistress you have your chance to get level with her now. Bless the girl, what are you shivering about? That's right! Pull yourself together! Now, let us get down to business." He took a note from the drawer of his desk. "You say that you have five letters which compromise the Countess d'Albert. You want to sell them. I want to buy them. So far so good. It only remains to fix a price. I should want to inspect the letters, of course. If they are really good specimens—Good God, is it you?"

The woman without a word had raised her veil, and dropped the mantle from her chin. It was a dark, handsome, clear-cut face which



Sherlock Holmes in disguise

confronted Milverton, a face with a curved nose, strong dark eyebrows shading hard, glittering eyes, and a straight, thin-lipped mouth set in a dangerous smile.

"It is I," she said. "The woman whose life you have ruined."

Milverton laughed, but fear vibrated in his voice. "You were so very obstinate," said he. "Why did you drive me to such extremities? I assure you I wouldn't hurt a fly of my own accord, but every man has his business, and what was I to do? I put the price well within your means. You would not pay."

"So you sent the letters to my husband, and he—the noblest gentleman that ever lived, a man whose boots I was never worthy to lace—he broke his gallant heart and died. You remember that last night when I came through that door, I begged and prayed you for mercy, and you laughed in my face as you are trying to laugh now, only your coward heart can't keep your lips from twitching? Yes, you never thought to see me here again; but it was that night which taught me how I could meet you face to face and alone. Well, Charles Milverton, what have you to say?"

"Don't imagine that you can bully me," said he, rising to his feet. "I have only to raise my voice, and I could call my servants and have you arrested. But I will make allowance for your natural anger. Leave the room at once as you came, and I will say no more."

The woman stood with her hand buried in her bosom, and the same deadly smile on her thin lips.

"You will ruin no more lives as you ruined mine. You will wring no more hearts as you wrung mine. I will free the world of a poisonous thing. Take that, you hound! And that! And that! And that!"

She had drawn a little gleaming revolver, and emptied barrel after barrel into Milverton's body, the muzzle within two feet of his shirt-front. He shrank away and then fell forward upon the table, coughing furiously, and clawing among the papers. Then he staggered to his feet, received another shot, and rolled upon the floor. "You've done me!" he cried, and lay still. The woman looked at him intently, and ground her heel into his upturned face. She looked again; but there was no sound or movement. I heard a sharp rustle, the night air blew into the heated room, and the avenger was gone.

No interference upon our part could have saved the man from his fate; but as the woman poured bullet after bullet into Milverton's shrinking body, I was about to spring out, when I felt Holmes's cold strong grasp upon my wrist. I understood the whole argument of that firm, restraining grip—that



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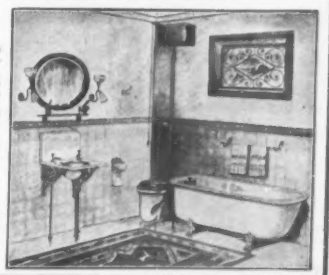
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it was an affair of ours, that justice had overtaken a villain. That we had our own duties and our own rights which were not to be lost sight of. But hardly had the woman rushed from the room when Holmes, with swift, silent steps, was over at the other door. He turned the key in the lock. At the same instant we heard voices in the house, and the sound of hurrying feet. The revolver shots had roused the household. With perfect coolness Holmes slipped across to the safe, filled his two arms with bundles of letters, and poured them all into the fire. Again and again he did it, until the safe was empty. Some one turned the handle and beat upon the outside of the door. Holmes looked swiftly round. The letter which had been the messenger of death for Milverton lay all mottled with his blood upon the table. Holmes tossed it in among the blazing papers. Then he drew the key from the outer door, passed through after me, and locked it on the outside. "This way, Watson," said he, "we can scale the garden wall in this direction."

I could not have believed that an alarm could spread so swiftly. Looking back, the huge house was one blaze of light. The front door was open, and figures were rushing down the drive. The whole garden was alive with people, and one fellow raised a view-halloo as we emerged from the veranda and followed hard at our heels. Holmes seemed to know the ground perfectly, and he threaded his way swiftly among a plantation of small trees, I close at his heels, and our foremost pursuer panting behind us. It was a six-foot wall which barred our path, but he sprang to the top and over. As I did the same I felt the hand of the man behind me grab at my ankle; but I kicked myself free and scrambled over a glass-strewn coping. I fell upon my face among some bushes; but Holmes had me on my feet in an instant, and together we dashed away across the huge expanse of Hampstead Heath. We had run two miles, I suppose, before Holmes at last halted, and listened intently. All was absolute silence behind us. We had shaken off our pursuers and were safe.

We had breakfasted and were smoking our morning pipe on the day after the remarkable experience which I have recorded when Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard, very solemn and impressive, was ushered into our modest sitting room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Holmes," said he. "Good-morning. May I ask if you are very busy just now?"

"Not too busy to listen to you."

"I thought that, perhaps, if you had nothing particular on hand, you might care to assist us in a most remarkable case which occurred only last night at Hampstead."

"Dear me!" said Holmes. "What was that?"

"A murder—a most dramatic and remarkable murder. I know how keen you are upon these things, and I would take it as a great favor if you would step down to Appledore Towers and give us the benefit of your advice. It is no ordinary crime. We have had our eyes upon this Mr. Milverton for some time, and, between ourselves, he was a bit of a villain. He is known to have held papers which he used for blackmailing purposes. These papers have all been burned by the murderers. No article of value was taken, as it is probable that the criminals were men of good position whose sole object was to prevent social exposure."

"Criminals!" said Holmes. "Plural!"

"Yes, there were two of them. They were as nearly as possible captured red-handed. We have their footmarks, we have their description; it's ten to one that we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active; but the second was caught by the under-gardener, and only got away after a struggle. He was a middle-sized, strongly-built man, square jaw, thick neck, mustache, a mask over his eyes."

"That's rather vague," said Sherlock Holmes. "Why, it might be a description of Watson!"

"It's true," said the Inspector, with much amusement. "It might be a description of Watson."

"Well, I am afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is that I knew this fellow Milverton, that I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London, and that I think that there are certain crimes which the law can not touch, and which therefore, to some extent, justify private revenge. No, it's no use arguing. I have made up my mind. My sympathies are with the criminals rather than with the victim, and I will not handle this case."

Holmes had not said one word to me about the tragedy which we had witnessed; but I observed all the morning that he was in his most thoughtful mood, and he gave me the impression, from his vacant eyes and his abstracted manner, of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch when he suddenly sprang to his feet. "By Jove, Watson, I've got it!" he cried. "Take your hat! Come with me!" He hurried at his top speed down Baker Street and along Oxford Street until we had almost reached Regent Circus. Here on the left-hand there stands a shop window filled with the photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day. Holmes's eyes fixed themselves upon one of them, and following his gaze I saw the picture of a regal and stately lady in court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head. I looked at that delicately curved nose, at the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth, and the strong little chin beneath it. Then I caught my breath as I read the time-honored title of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes met those of Holmes, and he put his finger to his lips as we turned away from the window.

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En de Mockin'bird, up yander, whar you ketch a sight er blue,
Sez: "I singin' right at you, sub,—I singin' right at you!"

O, I tells you dat I feels it—in de blowin' er de breeze;
In de sap I hears a-runnin' lak a river thoo' de trees!
In de way de lan's a-lookin'—de valleys, hills, en plains,
De singin' er de rivers, en de twinkle er de rains!

It's de ole time, happy feelin', whar ez sweet ez sweet kin be;
I knows de very minute w'en it comin' over me!
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On de green banks er de river, whar de birds sing "Holiday!"

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IV. All manuscript must be typewritten, laid flat, or folded in its envelope—in other words it must not be rolled. It must not be signed, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and containing a card or slip of paper with the writer's full name and address written on it. Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on this envelope or on the manuscript itself or any matter sent with the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.

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BOOKS AND PLAYS

(Continued from Page 15)

Of the new creations by actors the most brilliant is undoubtedly Mr. Mansfield's old Czar in "Ivan the Terrible." It reminds some people of Irving's Louis the Eleventh, but this is certainly due to the resemblance of the parts, for Mr. Mansfield was never more true to himself and his own artistic methods than in this, his latest and one of his most complete and graphic pictures. Mr. Mansfield is remarkable for versatility. He can do almost anything he has tried, except a perfectly "straight" sympathetic part like Brutus, which is antagonistic to his mordant nature, but what he is strongest in is a marked character part, with plenty of irony, power, and preferably a generous allowance of evil. His grasp upon his talent is still strengthening, and Ivan is just the personality to bring out all of Mr. Mansfield's gifts. Absolute power, causing servile adulation, corroding the good qualities and encouraging the bad; old age, with its tremblings and physical ugliness; approaching death, playing upon a nature in which scepticism, religion, and superstition were inseparable; desire and impotence; reasonableness and harsh caprice; such a combination makes for dramatic vividness, and Mr. Mansfield plays it to the full. His Ivan surpasses his Baron Chevalier, in the "Parisian Romance," because it is a much more complicated personality, including the Baron's bad attributes and a vague but considerable quantity of submerged good. The play itself amounts to little, but is fortunately chosen at present to meet a universal interest of the outer world.

The Short Story and the Novel

THE short story, as we know it, is comparatively recent, although one of the very best specimens of it is "Wandering Willie's Tale," in Scott's "Redgauntlet." Merimée, Maupassant, Poe, Stevenson, Bret Harte, and a number of living writers have made it a feature of modern fiction. The author of "The Black Cat," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Gold-Bug," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," stands highest in reputation for the short story in our country, if not in any country. Then, among Americans, comes the author of the "Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Pardner," and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." To-day we are producing a larger volume of high-class fiction in this form than in novels, and nothing is more desired by the public, as represented by the magazines, although the opposite verdict is delivered by the public as a purchaser of books. It likes to settle down with an unbroken stretch of narrative in the volume form, but it dearly loves five or ten thousand word stories in a periodical. Among living American short-story writers, I imagine that Miss Wilkins has the most secure position for the future, with two or three of her collections. Sometimes one story may make a reputation, as "Gallagher" made the name of Mr. Davis. Of all of Henry James's excellent stories, the one which Stevenson liked best, "The Liar," stands out for the vividness, speed, and unity which ought to characterize this form of art. "Daisy Miller," which apparently has the best chance of survival in Mr. James's work, is not a short story in the sense in which the term is now used. Often a novelist, like Mr. Thomas Hardy, making experiments in the shorter form, shows how separate the two gifts are. The talent which gives us "Far From the Madding Crowd," "Tess," or "The Return of the Native," is not as suitably employed in "A Group of Noble Dames." Kipling is a young man, but thus far his talent has seemed to be the opposite of Hardy's, showing more brilliantly in several dozen of his stories than in any longer work. Stevenson worked with ease in either form, as "The Suicide Club," and "Weir of Hermiston" may instance. The best short stories have the least in common with the novel. They are one episode, or perhaps one character or picture or situation, and are much stricter in unity than the novel needs to be. The novel may satisfy by giving the reader a sense of the fullness of life, even if not every interest taken up has been literally completed, but I know no one of the greatest short stories which is not absolutely complete, with no questions to ask, with nothing left hanging in the air.

RECONCILIATION

By MAURICE SMILEY

ONLY a word and the sun is dimmed;
Only a look and the day is drear;
Only a kiss that we wanly miss—
So little will bring a tear!

Only a glance and the day is glad;
Only a word brings heaven near;
And our brimming eyes see Paradise—
So little will bring—a tear!

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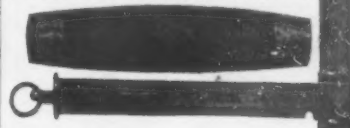
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FACTS AND FANCIES

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"THAT is right, Johnny," said Miss Dimpleton, the pretty teacher, "that is the figure 6. Now, if you will write it wrong side up it will be 9. Try it."

"Aw," replied little Johnny Boobleby, "I can't stand on my head and write too!"

□ □

A Truly Bostonian Tramp

EDWIN D. MEAD, "Boston's most useful citizen" and founder of the Twentieth Century Club, met a tramp one blizzard night last winter near the Hotel Vendome. When the tramp asked him for a nickel, Mr. Mead, being a believer in scientific charity, told him to apply to the Y. M. C. A.

"I did, sir," replied the tramp with serene dignity, "but I was not treated respectfully."

"Well, why don't you try the Y. M. C. U.?" was Mr. Mead's quizzical suggestion. The tramp then straightened up with utmost hauteur and remarked: "I have decided no longer to deal with institutions. I have found, as Carlyle says, that institutions, like the letter p, are always first in pity but last in help!"

□ □

LOVE

By E. Scott O'Connor

A MAIDEN once questioned the ocean, "Tell me," she said, "What is Love?" It answered, "The heaven you see in our depth Made by the heaven above."

□ □

The Gentleman Farmer

A. J. CASSATT, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a stock farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and at a recent dinner of the Philadelphia Clover Club a friend of the eminent railroader said: "Mr. Cassatt has a fine stock farm, and he runs it on a businesslike basis. Sometimes he makes money out of it."

"Last year he bought a pig for \$27, fed it forty bushels of corn at \$1 a bushel, and then sold it for \$35.50."

"I made \$8.50 out of that pig," he said to me, the day after the animal was taken away.

"But," said I, "how about the forty bushels of corn at \$1 a bushel that you fed him?"

"Oh," said Mr. Cassatt, "I didn't expect to make anything on the corn."

□ □

Politics in Missouri

TWO candidates for office in Missouri were stumping the northern part of the State, and in one town their appearance was almost simultaneous. The candidate last arriving happened to stop at a house for the purpose of getting a drink of water. To the little girl who answered his knock at the door he said—when she had given him the desired draught and he had offered her in recompense some candy: "Did the man ahead of me give you anything?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the bright girl, "he gave me candy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the candidate, "here's five cents for you. I don't suppose that he gave you any money?"

The youngster laughed merrily. "Yes, he did, too! He gave me ten cents!"

Not to be outdone, the candidate gave the little one another nickel, and, picking her up in his arms, kissed her.

"Did he kiss you, too?" he asked genially. "Indeed, he did, sir!" responded the little girl, "and he kissed me, too!"

□ □

RAISON D'ÊTRE

By Madeline Bridges

HE spoke at large, the talking man, With tact but scantily dowered, "Wherever I meet an Irishman I always find a coward."

"Indeed," the listener promptly said, As over him he towered, "I happen to be an Irishman!"

"Are you? Well, I'm the coward."

□ □

Turn About Is Fair Play

THE late James McNeil Whistler had a French poodle of which he was extravagantly fond. This poodle was seized with an affection of the throat, and Whistler had the audacity to send for the great throat specialist, Mackenzie.

Sir Morell, when he saw that he had been called in to treat a dog, didn't like it much, it was plain. But he said nothing. He prescribed, pocketed a big fee, and drove away. The next day he sent post haste for Whistler. And Whistler, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed like the wind to Mackenzie's.

On his arrival, Sir Morell said gravely: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

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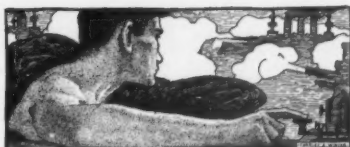
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THE WAR

A Record of the Progress of Events in the Conflict between Russia and Japan

THE threateningly active preparations of the Russians to send the powerful Baltic fleet to the Orient within sixty days, drove Admiral Togo to renew his hammering assaults upon Port Arthur, after a week of comparative quiet. Unless he could capture the blockaded squadron, or compel the Russians to blow it up, the chance of being caught between two strong sea forces must be a steadily growing menace to the Japanese navy.

On March 10, therefore, fourteen Japanese ships shelled the stronghold, in the most destructive attack of the war. For the first time, the Russians showed aggressive spirit, due to the assumption of naval command by the dashing Admiral Makaroff. Six torpedo vessels sallied out from Port Arthur, and attacked the Japanese torpedo flotilla at close range. One Japanese torpedo craft was sunk, and a Russian destroyer, the *Stereguschchi*, foundered, riddled with shell.

The bombardment which followed was far more disastrous. The Japanese fire was reported from all sources as extraordinary in its accuracy. The battleship *Retvisan* was further damaged, the docks, arsenals, and forts suffered severely, and many of the heaviest guns were dismantled.

The week passed without authenticated reports regarding the vast mobilization and strategic plans of the opposing armies, save for the steadily growing conviction that Russia will not form her main line of battle in Korea, but will wait to meet a Japanese invasion in southern Manchuria, with Harbin both as the most important point of defence and the objective centre of the grand attack.

□ □

COLLIER'S TO THE FRONT

THE "New York Herald" of March 12 printed the following despatch from Tokio. It will be seen from this that of the five American correspondents selected by the Japanese Government to accompany the commander-in-chief of the army, two are the representatives of COLLIER'S:

"Tokio, Friday, March 11

"Questions of arrangements for the large number of foreign correspondents here who are desirous of accompanying the Japanese field forces have been bothering the War Office a great deal. The Japanese wish to afford the correspondents every reasonable facility possible to make them comfortable while campaigning, but recognize the difficulty, owing to the difference of conditions of living to which foreigners are accustomed.

"The best the army could offer was the regular Japanese ration, with transportation of seventy pounds of baggage. After a prolonged discussion it was finally arranged for the correspondents to appoint a contractor to run a field canteen and undertake field transportation. The War Office has approved this scheme and expects all the correspondents to rely on the contractor, but will supply rations in an emergency. The contractor also supplies the foreign military attachés. He is bonded to fulfil his agreement.

"Elaborate regulations governing the correspondents have been issued and also concerning the contractor. Negotiations for the field assignment of correspondents have been made through their respective legations.

"The War Office has finally determined to send only fifteen with the first column, eight British, five American, one Frenchman, and one German, this being a representation proportionate to the respective numbers of foreign correspondents here.

"After the first party is despatched, two other lots, of twenty each, will go. The first fifteen are assigned to the field headquarters of the commander-in-chief of the entire army. The Americans selected are O.K. Davis, of the 'New York Herald'; Wm. Dinwiddie, of the 'New York World'; Mr. Palmer, of COLLIER'S WEEKLY; Mr. J. H. Hare, photographer of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and Mr. Bass, of the Chicago 'News.' The English correspondents are Mr. James, of the London 'Standard'; Major MacHugh, of the London 'Daily Telegraph'; Mr. Knight, of the London 'Morning Post'; Mr. Collins, of Reuter's Agency; Mr. McKenzie, of the London 'Daily Mail'; Mr. Keaton, of the Central News, and Mr. Cahusac, of the London 'Daily Chronicle.' Herr Von Gottberg represents the Berlin 'Lokal Anzeiger,' and Mr. Thomas, the Paris 'Gaulois.'

"Subsequent lots will accompany the different columns. The personnel has not yet been selected. It is impossible to obtain definite information as to when the start will be made.

"The Vice War Minister, addressing the correspondents the other day, said: 'The day of your departure is very close.' The contractor has been advised to begin moving forward the heavy baggage of the correspondents, who will not be permitted to know the exact date until everything is ready, and then they probably will have short notice. Their destination will be revealed only after the start, in order to prevent any possible intimation from reaching the enemy."

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If its claims are not true, you can get your money back from your dealer—or from us, if you buy direct.

The price is \$2.50. Double Concave, for extra heavy beards, \$3.00. Razors can be bought for 50 cents, if you want that kind, but Mr. F. L. Perkins, Cascades, Wash., writes us:

"I received the razor all right, have been using it for some time; I am very much pleased with it. I found it all that is claimed for it, and think that I have the shaving problem solved at last. I would not part with it, if I could not get another, at any price."

We issue a book, "Hints to Shavers," which we wish to mail you free. It is clever and complete. Tells more than most barbers know. It illustrates with photos the correct razor position for every part of the face; tells you how to select a razor and take care of it after you get it.

Buy of your dealer. He has (or can get) the Carbo-Magnetic. Show him this advertisement—don't take any other razor. If he won't get one—we will mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Money back if desired.

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"Carbo-Magnetic" Electric Cushion Shave, \$1.00 each, at dealers or by mail, postpaid.

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SOFT, SILKY HAIR may be possessed by any person, that healthy, and free of dandruff and itching, and will keep the hair and scalp clean.

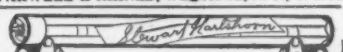
Seven Sutherland Sisters' Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner performs such miracles, and performs them well. Letters of highest praise from four generations. Young misses starting now with these highly meritorious preparations will enjoy luxurious hair all through life.

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Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

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ANY talking machine will reproduce the notes and the noise; but the *Charm of Sound*—that beauty and expression for which we prize music—is reproduced only by EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORDS, and best when they are used on the Edison Phonograph. The imitations and the old styles are parodies by comparison.

There are three good reasons for this:

1. The surface speed of the record in passing the reproducing point is always the same, giving uniform volume, clearness and tonal quality, which is not true of the other style records; and the reproducing point is a sapphire, always smooth and clear, never wearing away (thereby injuring the reproduction) nor requiring to be frequently changed.

2. The records are made with a sapphire point on a flawless surface, without the roughness produced by the etching with acid of other methods, and faultlessly duplicated by Gold Moulds, which process is patented and cannot be lawfully used by others.

3. The "button point" sapphire of the Edison Reproducing is the only one that actually follows all the indentations of the record, giving a faithful reproduction. The blunt points of other machines slide over many of these indentations and lose the best of the music.

The Edison Phonograph is better made and finished than other talking machines—runs truer, lasts longer, gives more perfect results and better satisfaction. Go to the nearest dealer's and hear it.

Edison Phonographs furnish double service, amusement and language study.

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An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value. ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Behind the Scenes in Washington

By F. A. EMERY

Official Hieroglyphics

A GOOD many puzzlers reach the heads of executive departments that number scientific branches among their bureaus. A grizzled veteran scientist in the Government service, an enthusiast whose vocabulary is replete with technical phraseology to a marvelous degree, was going through a mass of official documents and dictating letters. The head of the department later was signing the letters thus initialed by the scientist, and in one noticed the profusion of both unintelligible abbreviations and words of large dimensions. He staggered over the document and reread it. Then he sent for his secretary, but one sentence baffled solution. It read: "These variations of regulations recur with regular periodicity. You are directed to take all P.M. in the matter."

It was a poser. Was it an algebraic problem? One suggested that P.M. meant prime meridian, and another facetiously suggested that it contemplated the corralling of postmasters. Finally the bureau chief who had initialed the letter was called in. When the sentence was straightened out it was found to direct the taking of all "proper measures"!

The Accommodating Butcher

A PROPOS of policies governing labor unions in strikes and lockouts, a joke perpetrated on a striker in Chicago is told here. During the last street-car tie-up in the Windy City, according to the story, one of the men went to a butcher. "I have a few dollars saved up," said the striker, "and to best provide for my family against possible straits I want to buy with it as much meat as I can get for the money. I want the kind of meat that I can get the most of."

The butcher sold him a calf's head. The striker paid the money and was just leaving when he recollected the union label requirements. "Is this a union shop?" he asked.

"No sir," replied the butcher.

"Well, I am afraid then that I'll have to return the meat."

The butcher looked thoughtful for a minute and then answered: "I can fix that for you all right." He took the calf's head into another room, and a minute later returned and handed the meat back to the striker. The latter passed out. A bystander was curious.

"What did you do to that calf's head?" he asked of the butcher.

"I took the brains out. That's all."

In the Wrong Pews

ELIHU ROOT, the former Secretary of War, was once at a banquet when reference was made to the reports that the President couldn't get enough to eat when he visited St. Louis during his long swing around the West in the spring of last year. "General Baden-Powell scored the President one better," added one of the other guests. "When Baden-Powell came to Washington they rushed him over to Fort Myer, and he said afterward that he ate too much there."

"Well," replied Root, "the solution of that trouble is easy. The two got into the wrong pews. The President should have been at Fort Myer and Baden-Powell at St. Louis."

Young America in the White House

"ARCHIE" ROOSEVELT, the seven-year-old son of the President of the United States, is the incarnation of Young America. There is no livelier youngster the country over. Up in the old war room of the White House, Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Montgomery, the chief telegrapher, in all the gorgeousness of his military regalia, was bending over his duties. All was still save the click of a telegraph key. Suddenly there was a whirling sound, and Montgomery's portly frame jumped into the air just as a stream of water mounted the ramparts of his collar and dropped down on the inside, leaving that bit of linen-wear as limp as a doused feline. Montgomery was fighting mad. He turned quickly to catch his assailant. There was Archie midway the room, bent almost double with convulsive laughter, and in his hand was the tell-tale weapon, a toy gun which he had loaded with water. Archie had laid his plans carefully, taking the enemy unawares, and the result bespoke his marksmanship. Archie plays no favorites in choosing victims. Ensnared in an upper window, he bombards arriving Cabinet officials and diplomats and White House attachés alike. He knows every inch of the big building and clambers out on to the roof to play hide-and-seek. He got up a snowball duel, and one of the volleys narrowly missed the President, who had suddenly emerged from his office. The heavy sphere of glistening white whizzed within an inch of the President's head. Archie promises to become an enthusiastic sportsman. He rides a mottled pony, and when Archie was ill last autumn, his sable-hued guardian led the animal up the White House stairways to the sick chamber, to make the lad happy. He is fond of his bicycle, and he has a whole squadron of miniature battleships. In a word, he has a keen zest for anything boy-like and sportsmanlike.

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It doesn't matter what kind of a property you have; it doesn't matter whether it is worth \$100 or \$100,000, or in what town, city, state or territory it is located, if you will send me a brief description, including your lowest cash price, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert it into cash, and will give you my complete plan for handling it, together with a letter of advice

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The information I will give will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. Write to-day or fill out and mail to me the left-hand Coupon.

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and which I desire to sell for \$.....

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